LOOKING FORWARD

TO ANY ONE who has been following political events it is increasingly clear that the trend of government in this country is steadily away from democracy or party government, in the direction of government by minorities. By this we mean government by special groups of citizens outside Congress who are in each case a minority of the total of citizens in the whole country, but who through organization and aggressive leadership in Washington are able to bring such pressure to bear on Congressmen and Senators that they secure the special favors which they wish, without regard to the majority opinion of the whole country.

IN THE PAST, we had the spectacle of poorly paid representatives in Washington, who sometimes allowed themselves to be corrupted by cash payments from interested corporations, so that they lent themselves to the propaganda put out by these interests and then baldly sold their votes in return for the necessary legislation.

NOWADAYS, however, we are confronted by a new type of legislator. The Congressman who actively sells his vote has become very rare. Instead his place has been taken by a new type of legislator who does not look upon his office as a means of making dishonest money. In fact he will not accept money. All he wants is to retain his seat in Congress. Usually he is a man who has cut himself loose from his career at home, and would find difficulty in earning the ten or fifteen thousand a year which he receives in Washington. Earning a living, therefore, has become simply a question of holding the political job which he has.

THIS NEW TYPE of representative is the man who is peculiarly and naturally susceptible to the pressure of organized minority groups. Give him the support of his local manufacturers, his Anti-Saloon League and his political machine and he will let the ordinary, unattached citizen go hang. The minority group will see that he is reelected.

AT PRESENT the majority in Congress is made up of precisely such men. These men always revise tariffs upward, vote for all pension legislation, secure all the patronage they can for the boys back home and bow to the Anti-Saloon League. Public opinion has to become a hurricane before they notice the storm signals. Taken singly they are not unlikeable fellows. Taken together they constitute the problem of popular government in this country. For two current illustrations of the problem we recommend the perusal in this issue of the editorial on the bonus bill and the one on the Democratic National Committee entitled "A Warning to Wets."

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY.

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Next Week in the Outlook

Vengeance on the Redskin, By Robert Gessner.

The author of the sensational book, *Massacre*, tells of Uncle Sam's maltreatment of the subjugated Indian.

Bigger and Barer than Ever, By Jerome Renitz.

The story of the amazing recent expansion of burlesque, America's "Undressed Opera."

Ward Bosses of Fascism, By George Raffalovich.

An inside view of Mussolini's political machine, by an authority on Fascism.

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THE AMERICAN RELIEF SYSTEM

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

March 4, 1931

Events of the Week

How East Met West

ON FEBRUARY 16, the day before he entered a series of conferences with Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, Mahatma Gandhi sent the following message to the London *Daily Herald:* "If India is to feel the glow of freedom she must have control of her own defense, receiving such assistance as may be necessary from British experience. Nor can I reconcile myself to external control of financial matters. Englishmen have no conception of the growing pauperism of the masses who have been bled white to provide revenues out of all proportion to the capacity of the inhabitants of this unhappy land."

Gandhi went into the conferences at his own request, declaring that he wished to talk to Lord Irwin as man to man, though every one knew that the spare, tired-eyed Indian really spoke as leader of the Nationalists and the tall, sober Viceroy as an official of the British government. For three days they met, calling each other "my friend," extending their conferences by several hours, and then parting—Gandhi to dodge newspapermen, Lord Irwin to give meaningless statements to the press.

No one knows just what was said during these conferences. "All I can say," Gandhi explains, "is that the meetings have been conducted in the friendliest manner and with much sweetness. What the result will be, I cannot say. The result is in the hand of God. It is His will that must prevail . . . . What we want for India is complete independence. Who can calculate what further sacrifices India must make to achieve that goal?"

No wonder there is no clue to the foremost question in India—whether Gandhi is going to cooperate with the British in drawing up a new constitution. If he is, he must yield in his demand for complete independence with India controlling her own finances and her own defense. Not to yield means defeat or continued strife and suffering on the part of his followers. The British government, through Viceroy Irwin, may make a number of minor concessions, but on the finances and the defense of India it will probably be adamant.

Has Zog Nine Lives?

"THIS *thing is getting a bit monotonous,*" one can imagine King Zog of Albania saying after the attempt to assassinate him on February 20. It was his fourth escape. During the first effort to dispose of him he received three bullet wounds; two later attacks, like the last, completely miscarried.

Zog, who had gone to Vienna for his health a month ago, had attended a performance of *Pagliacci.* As he entered his automobile, two Albanians, exiled by the Zog régime, fired into the car, killing the King's adjutant. Both would-be assassins were captured and expressed regret that their attempt had failed.

Things have always been more or less like that with Ahmed Zogu. His country, lying to the north and west of Greece, is small but turbulent. For centuries it was dominated by Turkey. During the World War, Italy and the Balkan States wrangled over it. Finally, in 1920, Albania had its independence assured by a snug treaty with Italy and in 1921 was admitted to the League of Nations.

Zog started as Premier and in 1924 was overthrown by Bishop Fan Noli, a Harvard graduate and head of the Albanian Orthodox Church. In six months, he had in turn overthrown the Bishop; in a year he had been elected President of Albania; in three years he had been proclaimed King. But being King of Albania is not all cakes and ale. Exiled supporters of Bishop Noli are on the lookout for him and there is always a chance that Jugoslavians, frowning on Albania's treaty of mutual cooperation and support with Italy, will lend Zog's enemies a helping hand. It was reported that, after the last attempt on his life, Zog returned to his hotel nervous and depressed. Who wouldn't?

The Bonus Record

NOT SINCE THE PALMY DAYS of the Anti-Saloon League has the power of organized minorities over legislative bodies been more clearly demonstrated than in the closing days of the present session of Congress.

About 3,500,000 veterans in our nation of 120,000,000 inhabitants hold adjusted-compensation certificates; that is to say, one person in thirty-five. At the most liberal estimate, the families of these veterans do not exceed 15,000,000 persons. Yet Congress, under relentless pressure and fearful of defeat on election day, hastened to shovel out money to the veterans as if they outnumbered other Americans ten to one.

On February 16, the House, with more members in their seats than on any other day in the session, adopted a gag rule limiting debate on the bonus certificates to forty minutes. A little more than a hour later it had passed the bonus bill by the one-sided vote of—think of it!—363 to 39, or nine to one. No sane person believes that the country is nine to one for the bonus bill. It is probably nine to one against it. Yet, with an organized minority cracking the whip, the vote was as we have described it.

Before the Senate voted on the bill it heard Mr. Hoover rehearse the arguments against it. As he pointed out, the bill seriously proposes to loan all veterans—sick or well, needy or not— fifty per cent of their insurance certificates' face value (their value in 1945). As he also pointed out, about seventy-five per cent of the veterans, according to Frank

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T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, may be expected to claim the loans which, all told, will amount to about $960,000,000.

A billion-dollar grab, then. A billion-dollar gift to the veterans, most of them healthy and reasonably prosperous. A billion-dollar cash bonus, it will probably turn out to be, since it is expected that few of those availing themselves of the loans will pay either interest or principal. All this the Senate knew, since its attention was called to it before it, too, was ready to vote on the bill. Yet on February 19 the Senate also approved the bonus-grab, by a vote of seventy-two to twelve, or six to one. Before doing so, it defeated a proposal to restrict the loans to needy veterans, making it perfectly plain that this is not a plan to provide cash for those who need it, but a plan to provide cash for all veterans, whether they need it or not. Paste that fact in your hat.

▸▸*Question of Principle*

As we go to press, President Hoover has not submitted his veto of the bonus bill to Congress. However, it is taken for granted that he will refuse to sign the bill, and for this he deserves commendation. But the way to kill the billion-dollar grab is to kill it. President Hoover had it in his power to asphyxiate the bonus bill with a pocket veto and we believe he should have done so.

Would that have necessitated an extra session of Congress? Very likely. Our hard-ridden, bridle-wise statesmen in Congress, tumbling over one another to stay in the veterans' good graces, indicated as soon as the Senate passed the bonus measure that, if Mr. Hoover neither vetoed nor signed it before Congress adjourned, they would filibuster, prevent the passage of appropriation bills for the support of the government and so make an extra session almost inevitable. Yet it would have been possible for Mr. Hoover to pocket the bill and then call an extra session only when he got good and ready. Meanwhile, he could have gone before the country on this issue, hammered home the offensive characteristics of the bonus measure and perhaps have created sufficient public sentiment so that Congress would not have dared to override his veto, as it is now expected to do.

The bonus-grab creates a principle worth fighting for and the President, representing the entire country as he does, should have fought for it hammer and tongs. That principle may be stated very simply, as follows: The veterans have had enough; no more for veterans who are neither disabled nor needy. Had the President gone before the country on this issue, the voters would have flocked to support him. And a victory for the President in this case would have headed off a raid which is even now being discussed and before many years may be in full progress. When the veterans have borrowed on their certificates and spent the money,

Acme

PERENNIAL TARGET
Ahmed Zogu, King of Albania, for the fourth time escapes assassination

they will doubtless clamor for more. And Congress in all likelihood will give it to them unless it is taught that raiding the Treasury for the sake of the veterans outrages public opinion and loses more votes for the raiders than it wins.

▸▸*Who Owns the Railroads?*

Asked the House Interstate Commerce Committee last March, authorizing an inquiry which has cost the government about $50,000 and the companies under investigation at least that much more. On February 20, Dr. W. M. Splawn, special counsel for the inquiry, furnished the answer in an incomplete report of three volumes comprising nearly 1800 pages. As the report notes, it was once customary to speak of certain roads as Morgan, Hill, Harriman or Gould properties, and the tradition that certain men "own" our railroads has continued despite a vast diffusion of ownership during the past two decades.

Dr. Splawn finds that on December 31, 1929, the voting stock of the 160 Class I railroads (railroads with annual operating revenues of more than $25,000,000 each) was owned by 840,000 persons, that the large banks and brokerage houses owned only five per cent of this stock, and that, contrary to popular opinion, the stockholdings of such foundations as the Rockefeller-endowed General Education Board were of no consequence as far as votes are concerned. As for personal ownership, he finds that a year ago the George F. Baker family held about 400,000 shares of the stock of seven railroads, that the Vanderbilts held 600,000 shares in the same number of railroads, and that Arthur Curtiss James held almost as many shares, including 349,000, or 36 per cent of the voting power, of the Western Pacific Railroad alone. Yet for the most part these holdings give their owners but a small fraction of the total voting power in the various companies. Dr. Splawn reports that in the nation's thirteen most important railroads the percentage of voting power held by the thirty largest holders of stock ranges from less than five to thirty per cent. As for single large investors in these thirteen roads, "the largest interest which has been identified holds in excess of five per cent in only one case and generally the largest such holding is less than three per cent." In short, Dr. Splawn knocks the tradition of personal, concentrated railroad ownership into a cocked hat.

▸▸*Who Controls Them?*

It was not the ownership but the control of railroads which caused Dr. Splawn to recommend that holding companies be placed under the supervision and regulation of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Despite the diversification of stock ownership, Dr. Splawn found that fourteen major groups controlled 210,000 miles of railroads—nearly eighty-five per cent of the total mileage of all the Class I railroads in the United States. This control has been achieved largely by means of holding

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companies whose activities are beyond the present jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Yet the control of one railroad by another through a holding company comprises railroad consolidation in fact, if not in theory, thereby circumventing the intent of the Transportation Act of 1920, which provided that railroad consolidation should be directed and regulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Obviously, then, Dr. Splawn's recommendation as to holding companies should be carried out. It has been embodied in the bill introduced in Congress on February 21 by Chairman Parker of the House Interstate Commerce Committee (not to be confused with the Interstate Commerce Commission). Though at this writing it appears to have but slight chance of passage in the present session of Congress, in the next session this bill may secure even wider support than now seems likely when Dr. Splawn's report on holding companies has been completed.

Another of Dr. Splawn's recommendations—that the scope of his inquiry be broadened to include all holding companies engaged in interstate commerce—merited immediate attention. There has been widespread feeling that the circumvention of the laws by railroad holding companies has been duplicated by that of holding companies set up by utility corporations. It is hardly necessary to say that the second Splawn recommendation, designed as it is to produce the facts, also deserves hearty support.

▶▶*That Priestley Affair*

It is part of the American credo that visiting English novelists come here to sneer at America while gathering in American gold by means of lecture tours. It is part of the English novelist's credo that, unless he has something brightly derogatory to say of America when he arrives, no one will attend his lectures. Thus it is that the arrival of an English novelist is often the signal to fight the Revolution all over again.

In the case of John Boynton Priestley, visiting author of *The Good Companions* and *Angel Pavement,* the affair went off something like this:

"New York is a nightmare of noise," said Mr. Priestley, or words to that effect. "The skyscrapers are intended for a race of men twelve feet tall and of dark green color. American women are spoiled. Americans eat too many sweets, suffer from indigestion, and take too much aspirin and bicarbonate of soda."

"He admits the traffic is better managed in New York than in London," newspaper reporters pointed out.

"None of his half-baked jibes about our skyline and our women!" chimed in Fannie Hurst.

"He ate double helpings of pumpkin pie coming over on the boat," noted the public triumphantly. "Anyhow, how about those awful English boiled greens?"

"Americans buy books but don't read them," said Mr. Priestley. "A friend told me he opened *Main Street* in every home he visited here and always found the pages uncut."

"Caught out!" thundered knowing

Keystone

EMBATTLED CALLER
John Boynton Priestley, English novelist now visiting in United States

Americans triumphantly. "There was never a copy of *Main Street* issued from the publishers with uncut pages."

"Besides, I'm not really here to lecture," said Mr. Priestley. "As for making money, I could make more money in England."

"Let him tell it to Ananias," roared America. "He's here, isn't he? He's here under the auspices of a lecture bureau, isn't he?"

"Anyhow," finished Mr. Priestley, "my jolly half hour with ship news reporters must have been misunderstood. I haven't been misquoted exactly, but a misleading impression has been conveyed by my remarks."

So every one was satisfied. America had had a chance to become indignant about visiting Englishmen who lay down opinions before they have been in the country an hour and Mr. Priestley had his proper columns of publicity. As a matter of fact, America is still all right. England is all right. Even Mr. Priestley is probably all right. But the little farce must go on.

▶▶*Alfonso on Top*

Europe's kings without thrones must envy the technique of Alfonso XIII of Spain. For years King Alfonso has dealt with his country high-handedly, ignoring the Constitution, summoning and discharging dictators, leaning upon his army, delighting some subjects and alienating others with his aloof and spirited independence. In the crisis of mid-February, however, Alfonso played politics with finesse and daring extraordinary even for him.

On February 13 he and his Premier-Dictator, General Berenguer, found their plans for parliamentary elections blocked and boycotted on all sides. Political support of the king had apparently sunk to a new low while it seemed impossible for him to continue to depend on the army. Yet there was no indecision in the palace at Madrid. General Berenguer was ditched to strengthen the King's political position just as General Primo de Rivera was ditched in 1930 to strengthen Alfonso's hold on the army. Thereupon the King startled Spain by asking that a cabinet be formed by Señor Guerra, who had headed an unsuccessful revolution in 1929 and was then leading a movement for a constitutional convention to decide whether Spain would remain a monarchy or become a republic.

The King's move was a daring thrust. While he appeared to be conciliatory toward the opposition, at the same time he had muzzled the opposition newspapers. Hence he was prepared to reject the cabinet formed by Señor Guerra on February 17, to spread the impression that the opposition had failed in the crisis and to complete his master stroke by assembling a monarchist cabinet headed by Juan Bautista Aznar, Chief Admiral of Spain, and including General Berenguer as Secretary of War. Premier Aznar's announcement of his policy indicated that he was a tool of the King, just as Berenguer and Rivera had been. Aznar, too, is promising elections, just as Berenguer was before he went out and just as Rivera was before Berenguer came in. If the elections are really held, they may eventually result in limited reforms of the Constitution, but they are not expected to produce a serious attack on the power of

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the King. Alfonso has emerged from the latest crisis with colors flying, but the underlying causes of Spanish discontent have not been removed and before long he is likely to find himself in trouble again.

▶▶*Crossing Ruba'el Khali*

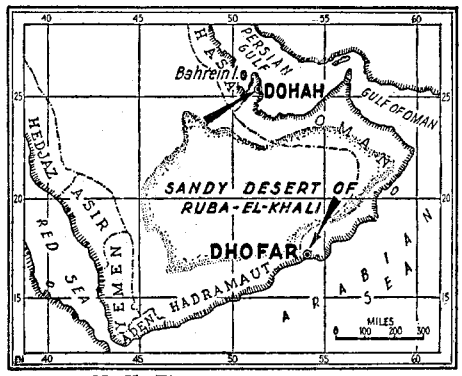
OF THE ENCHANTING LANDS of the East none has seemed more enchanting to westerners than the peninsula called Arabia. A gigantic wedge thrust toward Palestine between Egypt and the Tigris-Euphrates country, Arabia has gained rather than lost in mystery since the Old Testament recorded that "all the kings of Arabia and the governors of the country brought gold and silver to Solomon." Yet Arabia as a whole is well known in comparison to its desert of Ruba'el Khali, lying south of the Persian Gulf and north of Aden, where ships coal on their way to India. Hence the interest in the cablegram from Bahrein on the Persian Gulf saying that the Ruba'el Khali had been crossed by Bertram Thomas, explorer and former financial expert for the Sultan of Muscat.

Crossing the Ruba'el Khali is much more difficult than visiting Mecca. While a few non-Moslems have seen Mecca and lived, until Thomas arrived at Dohah on February 21 no white man was known to have crossed the Ruba'el Khali. It is even doubtful that many Arabs have made the trip. Only daring explorers have even ventured into the fringes around the desert, itself as large as France and Germany combined. These fringes comprise a reservoir for nomadic tribes of which the more dangerous and less civilized are supposed to use the Ruba'el Khali as a place of refuge after raids upon caravans or other tribes. Hence, though the western world has scorned Bedouin legends that the Ruba'el Khali is inhabited by evil spirits, it has wondered what lies beyond the fringe of low mountains, whether there are lakes in the Ruba'el Khali or stretches of fertile land or only rocks and sand. Rumors that the Ruba'el Khali holds buried cities and unmined gold have gone the rounds again and again.

At this writing Mr. Thomas had not disclosed what he found on his trip across the desert, though his journeys since 1926 (especially that 200 miles inland from Dhofar last spring) revealed a system of dry water courses draining inward and indicating that the heart of Ruba'el Khali might be below sea level, as are parts of the Sahara and of the American desert in California. One trusts that his discoveries were not disillusioning. Whether they were or not, Arabia to the western world will fortunately remain a fabulous land of caliphs and djinns.

▶▶*Another Butler Blunder*

IF THE clown often yearns to play Hamlet and Hamlet to play the clown, each is usually sensible enough to go on doing what he knows he does best. Major General Smedley D. Butler, on the other hand, purposes to retire from the Marine Corps and go on the lecture platform. Later, it is said, he may plunge into politics, perhaps as an opponent of Puddler



Courtesy N. Y. Times

NO MAN'S LAND
Crossed by Bertram Thomas, probably first white man to make trip

Jim Davis in Pennsylvania's Republican senatorial primary of 1932. It is as if Henry Ford should stop manufacturing automobiles to become an historian.

As a Marine, General Butler has few peers. "One of the most brilliant officers in the United States," the Navy Department has said of him, while President Roosevelt called him "the ideal American soldier." High praise, but scarcely too high for the Quaker whose courage and military skill have won him two Congressional Medals of Honor—a unique distinction, as Ray T. Tucker pointed out in his OUTLOOK article last week. As a lecturer and as a politician, however, the General would be a bust. In the end, he might even be lecturing to empty benches, for the fact is that, save when he discusses military matters, he rarely says anything worth hearing. To be sure, he gets talked about, but any prominent person can get talked about for a while by making reckless public statements.

In the Senate, the General probably would be another Brookhart, forever erupting about things he knew nothing about. Other members would seek his advice on military subjects and run like deer to the cloakrooms as soon as he arose to speak on anything else. They would, that is, presuming that he could be elected to the Senate, which is very doubtful. Just now, because of his run-in with Mussolini, he is highly popular, even in Philadelphia, which not long ago was anxious to be rid of him. But public favor is fickle, as the General should have discovered during his disastrous venture into politics and civil life as Philadelphia's Director of Public Safety, and most of those who now flock to his lectures or urge him to run for office soon, doubtless, will be cheering and voting for some one else, and smiling condescendingly at the man who spent thirty years learning to become a first-rate soldier and then gave it up to become an eighth-rate politico and public speaker.

▶▶*Praiseworthy Criminal*

A LITTLE more generosity toward Senator Wagner would do President Hoover no harm. No one would ever guess from the President's acts and utterances that for the past two years Senator Wagner has been fighting for an unemployment-relief program with which Mr. Hoover himself had become thoroughly identified.

During the last session of Congress Senator Wagner secured the passage of a bill for the collection of comprehensive unemployment statistics. At last accounts, Congress had appropriated no money to carry it out, and Mr. Hoover was doing no public weeping over the fact, though the measure should lie close to his heart.

The second item in the Wagner program was approved when the present session of Congress passed a bill providing the authority and organization for a federal public works program to be planned far in advance and instituted for the relief of unemployment whenever industry slows down. Signing the bill on February 10, Mr. Hoover called it "admirable." Nevertheless, it would seem from his statement that Senator Wagner did little more than help Representative Graham to work out an idea for which other men had pioneered during the past ten years. The fact is that, save for Senator Wagner, the idea would not have become a reality.

A third item in the Wagner program,

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calling for a nation-wide system of employment exchanges, has been approved by both Senate and House. Two weeks before the adjournment of Congress Mr. Hoover's Secretary of Labor suddenly came out against this bill and proposed a substitute. Secretary Doak wanted federal employment agencies; Senator Wagner wants state employment agencies with federal aid and supervision. The consensus of the best opinion seems to be that the Doak plan was an inferior proposal. That may be putting it mildly. It looked suspiciously like an insincere as well as inferior measure introduced at the eleventh hour to keep the Wagner bill from being passed. Senator Wagner is, of course, a Democrat, and that, no doubt, is a crime. Still, Mr. Hoover might well forgive and straightforwardly praise even criminals who stand for things that he stands for himself.

▶▶*Huey on Potlicker*

"When I get to Washington I'll make potlicker the national drink," said Governor Huey Long of Louisiana soon after his election to the United States Senate last fall. While a few wags made merry over the remark, the nation as a whole merely wondered what potlicker might be. It is the dark, savory liquid which oozes out of string beans, collards, turnip greens or other vegetables boiled in a pot along with a hog's jowl or a hunk of well-seasoned side-meat. Huey's program had been almost forgotten until in mid-February he issued his dictum as to how potlicker and cornpone should be eaten together. Proclaiming that the cornpone should be dunked—i. e., sopped—in the potlicker, he found himself in a squabble with the Atlanta *Constitution,* which held that cornpone should be crumbled into potlicker in the same way that crackers are crumbled into soup.

From the *Constitution's* viewpoint the dispute involved not a question of etiquette but of cornpone itself. Cornpone that can be dunked is not genuine cornpone, it said, calling upon several southern governors for vindication and being upheld instead by the New York *Times,* which sponsored a recipe for cornpone so crumbly as to preclude any dunking at all. Both newspapers do well to deprecate the sweetened mess which goes for cornbread north of Baltimore. Yet they do not seem to see that there is more than one recipe for good cornpone. Certainly they have never seen an ample Negro cook, leaning over the wood-burning kitchen stove after "the folks" have had their midday dinner, sopping her cornpone in potlicker, encompassing it and registering unrestrained approval.

However, the real significance of the controversy between Governor Long and the *Constitution* has been missed on all sides. It is a row for which we should all be thankful. The country had feared that Huey would enter the Senate as just another Cole Blease or Tom-Tom Heflin, playing hob with national issues. So long as he confines himself to cuisine, however, he is not only keeping out of mischief; he is actually popularizing deserving dishes and earning the nation's gratitude.

Keystone

POTLICKER EXPERT
Governor, Senator-elect and Doctor of Laws Huey P. Long of Louisiana

▶▶*Toward the Infinitesimal*

On a scale extending from the smallest entity, the electron, to the largest, the universe, man himself stands about at the middle. With his telescope he sees much of the vast universe but the most perfect miscroscope in existence will not—cannot possibly—enable him to glimpse an electron, an atom or even the largest molecule. Such a molecule is more than a thousand times too small to be seen miscroscopically. Thus, after all, the microcosm lying at our door is more inscrutable than the macrocosm, however distant.

A microscope which magnifies more than ten thousand times is now on its way from Jena, capital of Germany's optical industry, to one of America's most noted microscopists, Dr. F. F. Lucas of the great Bell Telephone Laboratories for general science in New York, who will use it to pry further into the secrets of metals and the components of the many alloys on which an industrial civilization now depends. The smallest detail clearly visible under the best microscope seen by ordinary light is about 1-50,000 of an inch. This is about the wave length of light. It is, in fact, that wave length which sets a positive limit to microscopic vision by this means, though the presence but not the outlines of particles 1-4,000,000 inch in diameter has been revealed by the ultramicroscope. Of course it is the outlines—the details—which men of science mainly wish to see.

What Dr. Lucas does in making out the details of things smaller than 1-50,000 of an inch is to reflect on them waves of shorter light than those of visible light—that is, ultra-violet rays. Because they are shorter, these waves reveal finer details. Thus the real limit to man's visual exploration of the microcosmos is not set by the microscope itself but by the inherent nature of light itself. Its wave structure is too coarse—if a thing on the scale of 1-50,000 inch in size can be called coarse—to be reflected well enough by the tiny particles he seeks to see. The new German microscope about halves the invisible detail and is a big practical stride, but the atom and the molecule still hide out with almost complete immunity.

▶▶*Second Polar Year*

Americans, accustomed to eat-an-apple weeks and buy-white-bread months, are not excited over the "second international polar year" which twenty-seven nations are planning for 1932-33. Yet there is no telling how much influence information gathered in the two polar regions during that year will have upon all of us who produce, buy, sell or eat apples, wheat and other foodstuffs. Plans for the second polar year and a résumé of the first (in 1882-83) were recently sketched in the New York *Times* by Russell Owen, who accompanied Admiral Byrd to the Antarctic.

Mr. Owen recalls that the first enterprise found twelve countries sending twelve expeditions equipped for meteorological and magnetic observations into the Arctic and two into the Antarctic. "The value of that year's work," he says, "may be judged by the fact that all magnetic charts north of the Arctic Circle were based on its findings, and that the meteorological observations completely demolished many of the

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theories of the time as to the effect of the polar regions on weather in temperate climates. Since then, of course, meteorological science has advanced tremendously, more stations have been established in the sub-Arctic and sub-Antarctic regions, and the instruments of magnetic and meteorological observation have been greatly improved."

Hence it is likely that much additional and important data will be secured by the fifty expeditions which the nations plan to send into the polar regions next year. Scientists are convinced, Mr. Owen says, that this information will be of practical application in solving problems connected with terrestrial magnetism, marine and aerial navigation, wireless telegraphy and weather forecasting. For instance, weather officials know that there is a vast reservoir of cold over the Arctic and that it emerges in spurts which influence both temperature and rainfall in temperate countries. But they know little about the rhythms or channels which these cold currents take. Many such gaps in their knowledge may be filled in when weather reports in tropical and temperate climates are correlated with polar observations to be taken simultaneously at fifty points from August 1, 1932, to August 31, 1933.

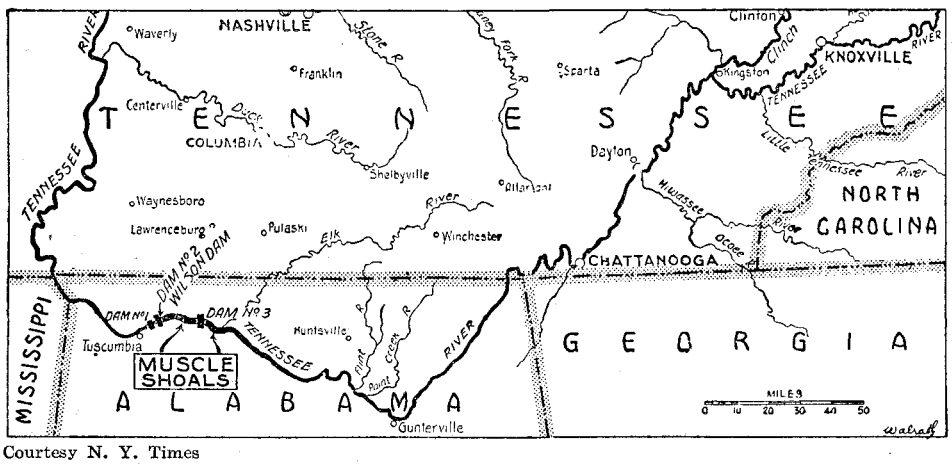
▸▸*The Muscle Shoals Bill*

As far as Congress is concerned, Senator Norris won a decisive victory in his fight for government operation at Muscle Shoals. The bill eventually passed by Congress has been called a compromise between the Norris proposal for public operation and the House proposal for private operation. It would be closer to the facts to call it the Norris proposal with comparatively slight modifications.

The one excuse for referring to the bill as a compromise between the public-operation and private-operation plans is its provisions dealing with the Muscle Shoals nitrate plants. The bill would authorize the President to lease these plants to private interests for the production of fertilizer on condition that he find a lessee within twelve months. Otherwise the government would operate these plants itself. Because of the unfavorable terms offered private interests by the bill, it is assumed that lessees would be hard to find.

Of paramount importance is the fact that the bill would unconditionally provide for government operation of the Muscle Shoals power facilities, of far greater consequence than the nitrate facilities. Furthermore, it would empower government agents not only to operate the power plants but to sell power to communities and other customers and, if necessary, to construct transmission lines to carry the power to promising markets.

Many commentators assume that the expectation that President Hoover would veto the so-called compromise measure explains why the House adopted it after taking its stand for private operation of the Muscle Shoals power plants. If this explanation leaves anything unexplained, it might be well to note that those members of the House who opposed the bill did so chiefly on the ground that it represented socialistic legislation designed to put the government into the power business. In this, of course, there is a deal of truth, though it hardly follows that because a bill has a socialistic flavor it is necessarily damnable. We suspect, however, that, true or not, the charge of socialism had precious little force coming from Administration supporters who themselves were recently advocating a socialistic farm-relief measure putting the government into the farm business to the tune of 500 million dollars.



Courtesy N. Y. Times

CONTROVERSIAL GROUND
Location of the dams at Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee River

▸▸*New York Chess Game*

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt is now on the offensive, while the Republicans have been repulsed, in the New York political chess game. As we have often pointed out, the moves and counter-moves in this game can best be explained by the fact that Governor Roosevelt stands squarely in line for the Democratic nomination for President in 1932. The Republican strategy has been to expose Tammany's every misdeed and then seek to identify Governor Roosevelt with the Hall in the mind of the average voter. On the other hand, Governor Roosevelt's strategy has been to separate himself as far from Tammany as he can without losing its votes.

On January 4, the Republican State Committee recommended that the New York State Legislature conduct an investigation into all departments of government in New York City. This move was obviously made, not because of any clean-cut Republican desire to fumigate New York City, but in the expectation of bedeviling Governor Roosevelt by presenting the country with a life-sized picture of Tammany Hall at work. Seeking to embarrass the Governor, the awkward Republicans ended by embarrassing themselves. On February 18, their bill for a city-wide inquiry was defeated in the State Senate—where the Republicans have a majority of one—when two Republican members bolted their party and voted with the solid Democratic opposition. The defeat of the bill left Mr. Roosevelt in a commanding position and the Republican machine in a quandary as to the motives of the two insurgents.

Thereupon Governor Roosevelt struck out for himself. Last August, at his request, the New York Supreme Court ordered an inquiry (which has had sensational results) into the magistrate courts of two of the five counties comprising New York City. For months Mr. Roosevelt had listened to demands that the inquiry be extended to the three other counties and, in December, even suggested the extension to the Supreme Court, which, however, found no basis for it. Then, on February 19, Mr. Roosevelt transmitted to the court allegations of judicial misbehavior in the three

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counties along with a request for a report on these and a suggestion that the inquiry be extended if they proved well-grounded. Whatever may come of this, Governor Roosevelt has worked into a position where revelations of graft in New York City are more likely to redound to his credit than to his discredit. Never notable for their ability to handle a Democratic governor, the New York Republicans have again been outmanoeuvred.

▸▸*Paris Wheat Parley*

THE SURPLUS OF WHEAT is recognized as an important factor in the current world-wide depression. While the Administration in Washington has tackled the American surplus with an ineffective, though costly, Farm Board, the European members of the League of Nations have been seeking some machinery with which to handle the surplus of wheat in Poland, Rumania, Hungary and Jugoslavia. The importance of their wheat problem was recognized in the January conference at Geneva on the proposed European federation which was designed by French Foreign Minister Briand primarily as an economic rather than political union. This conference appointed a committee to study measures (including preferential tariff measures) to assure the export of Eastern Europe's farm surpluses and another committee to draw up a credit scheme for financing agriculture in that section.

The last week of February found these international committees in session at Paris with considerable attention turned to the development of financial machinery, such as another international bank, with which to supply credit to the five wheat-producing countries whose farms are mortgaged to the hilt. If the financing can be completed along with some system of export quotas, the borrowing nations of Eastern Europe hope to be able to sell more wheat to the lending nations of Western Europe who in turn hope to sell more industrial products to their debtors. Naturally this plan bodes no good for the United States, Canada or Argentina. Increased purchases of Eastern European wheat would mean decreased purchases of American wheat, while increased purchases of Western Europe's manufactured goods would mean decreased purchases of American manufactured goods.

Fortunately for America, perhaps unfortunately for Europe, the plan is more easily conceived than put into effect. It recalls an analysis of the proposed European federation which Gustav Stolper, editor of the German weekly, *Deutsche Volkswirt,* has written for *Foreign Affairs.* "It would be stupid," Herr Stolper writes, "for Europe to combine against America; and such a policy would inevitably fail, since the inner conflicts of interest in Europe are greater and more bitter than the conflicts of interest between America and Europe." Whether or not this is stating the case too strongly, most Europeans, like most Americans, fail to realize the difficulty of solving an international problem, such as wheat, by setting it off into national or even continental compartments.

Remarkable Remarks

The march of our prosperity has been retarded.—HERBERT HOOVER.

We are having prosperity now. —HENRY FORD.

Sometimes the Marine has diplomacy forced upon it.—MAJOR GEN. SMEDLEY D. BUTLER.

The bird of war is not the eagle but the stork.—REV. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER.

Children can be trained to laugh instead of cry when they fall down and hurt themselves. Grown-ups can train themselves to roll out of sleep's sweet arms with a laugh of exultation and a zest of life, however brief the slumber.—RUBERT HUGHES.

I invariably spend at least a half hour every morning looking for socks.—O. O. MCINTYRE.

▸▸*Anti-Alien Amendment*

MILITANT drys were all smiles on January 17, when the House Judiciary Committee endorsed a proposal for a constitutional amendment to exclude aliens from the population count which forms the basis for representation in Congress. These same drys have been bemoaning the plan for the reapportionment of representation which becomes effective in 1932—bemoaning it not because the reapportionment comes more than a decade later than the Constitution demands but because, as the Constitution also demands, it apportions representation on the basis of the entire population and thereby grants eighteen additional seats in Congress to the fast-growing, wet, industrial sections of New Jersey, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Michigan and California.

Among those who have sorrowed most deeply is Dr. Clarence True Wilson of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. Back in December the good doctor was trying to protect his cause from a reapportionment which promised additional wet gains in 1932. Although Dr. Wilson then applauded a bill which would exclude aliens from the population count, he recognized that it was unconstitutional and therefore urged that the Constitution be amended. A majority of the House Judiciary Committee, so far as it is able, has now taken him at his word.

The measure endorsed by the doctor and the committee is, of course, thoroughly objectionable. For one thing, the Constitution links representation with direct taxation and bases both on the whole number of inhabitants (excluding Indians). Yet the amendment would decrease the representation of certain states without affecting their taxation. Furthermore, it is nothing more than a camouflaged attempt to fasten prohibition upon the country so tightly that it cannot be removed even by an increasingly wet sentiment. Through their proposed amendment prohibitionists seek to nullify wet gains in wet states by decreasing the representation of those states in Congress. This proposal, which would override our fundamental principle of basing representation upon total population, indicates how far drys will go to keep their hold upon the country.

Fortunately, the amendment is unlikely to be ratified by three-fourths of the states. Whatever its fate in Congress, at least thirteen states with large alien populations would undoubtedly refuse to ratify it if for no other reason than to preserve their own representation.

▸▸*Commissions Collapse*

IT HAS not escaped attention that, when the Wickersham wets delivered their dry report, they simultaneously delivered a blow at the policy of "government by commission." The foremost champion of this policy is, of course, President Hoover. Appointing a special commission is Mr. Hoover's favorite plan of procedure in difficult situations. It is supposed to point to his orderly engineering mind, to his desire, first, to get at the facts, and then to act on them. The President has appointed or advocated fully a score of commissions during his first two years in office.

Whatever may be said for government

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by commission, very little has been said for it since the appearance of the Wickersham report. The Wickersham commission was unquestionably the most important and able of all those appointed. Yet what do we find? We find it, out of deference to Mr. Hoover, submitting conclusions which clash with the expressed beliefs of a majority of its members. We find it convinced that the Eighteenth Amendment should be revised and yet unwilling to say so. We find it trimming and pussyfooting outrageously.

And how does Mr. Hoover receive the report of his most important commission, embodying one of his basic policies? He receives it, as we all know, first by misrepresenting its substance in his message transmitting it to Congress, and, secondly, by repudiating its most momentous conclusion—that in which the commission advanced, though it did not straightforwardly champion, a specific revision of the Eighteenth Amendment.

If Mr. Hoover's most outstanding board of investigators will twist and turn in this fashion while submitting its report, and if Mr. Hoover will twist and turn the report when he receives it, what becomes of government by commission? What is the use of appointing a commission if it is not to act with complete courage and candor and if the President is not to accept its findings?

➤➤*In Brief*

Al Capone has taken decisive issue with a statement concerning him made by Major General Smedley D. Butler, but we do hope our State Department will give itself time for second thought before issuing another apology. . . . "War Veterans Burn Mellon in Effigy," says a newspaper headline, which will give you a rough idea of the caliber of the arguments advanced for the billion-dollar bonus grab. . . . The great disarmament movement proceeds apace. The British have perfected an airplane enabling the pilot to fire six machine guns simultaneously. . . . Short letter to Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia: "Dear Dr. Butler. In a recent public statement, you called Communism one of 'three great systems of political thought'. If you don't like conditions in this country, why don't you go back to Russia? Don't bother to read the letters of other people who write to you about your statement. They'll all be just like this one."

A Warning to the Wets

An Editorial

The tempest in a tea pot stirred up among Democratic politicians by Mr. Raskob's call for the March 5 meeting of the Democratic National Committee stresses once more the need for sustained and concerted action by the organized wets of the country. Said Mr. Raskob in his original call: "The purpose of the meeting is . . . to discuss plans and policies to govern our activities during the next fifteen months." In short, to prepare for the next election. The Democratic party must be pulled together for concerted action both in and out of Congress, during the time intervening between the close of the present session and the next convention and election. If the party is to win, its leaders must decide now how to point the way to 1932. A reasonable idea yet what was the first result of Mr. Raskob's statement?

Even before the call for the meeting could be printed, up came Mr. Cordell Hull, dry Senator-elect from Tennessee. Said he: "Economic problems, including tariff and commercial policy, should be first on any Democratic national committee program during the next two years." Whereupon, he presented an analysis of the effect which the Hawley-Smoot tariff has had on the treasury of the United States, with the declaration that the wisest course for the Democrats is to make the tariff and the economic depression the leading issue, thus, by inference, soft-pedalling prohibition.

Followed immediately dry Senators Sheppard of Texas and Morrison of North Carolina, serving notice upon all wet Democrats that they would combat any attempt of the wets to dominate the 1932 convention. Said Senator Morrison:

"The political organizations of both parties of New York City, Chicago, of Baltimore and other great cities favor an absolute defiance of the Eighteenth Amendment and its nullification so far as any action of a governmental character on their part can do so. From one state the voice comes, whose Governor seeks the Presidency of the United States because he is the boldest nullificationist in it.

"There is an audacious effort stirring to control the great political parties of this country and put in their platforms for the first time in the history of the Republican and the Democratic parties a declaration of the will of these great political and machine bootleggers in the great cities of this country, thereby hoping to bridle the free, independent Democrat or Republican, as the case may be, in this country and force him to accept their will upon this subject or get out of the party to which he belongs and in which he has, in good faith, served his country.

"If they [the wets] carry the committee, they will receive the worst drubbing that any set of men ever received in American politics in the next Democratic convention."

Retorted Senator Wagner, insisting on repeal: "Now that the issue has become sharp and clear, we hear the political counsel of silence. We are told there is more harmony in evasion. Perhaps there is, but there is no genuine lasting cohesion except that of common faith in a significant principle. When a political organization ceases to rely on that, it no longer constitutes a party; it has become a conspiracy. The issue cannot be evaded. No great question of the American people that has divided the people ever has been disposed of by evasion. This will not prove an exception. It must be faced and it will be faced under courageous leadership. That, unfortunately, we cannot expect from our President."

In the face of this excellent retort, appeared at once in opposition such Democratic leaders as Senators Robinson of Arkansas, Glass of Virginia and Hawes of Missouri. Then there was the inevitable, final barrage: A warning from the Methodist Prohibition Board to Democratic leaders "to stop slapping Democratic dry Senators in the face."

And, meanwhile, what from the wet organizations? Nothing. No genuine heartening support for Senator Wagner nor for any other Democratic wet. And this despite the fact that the actual figures in the next Democratic convention already disclose 564 wet delegates out of a total of 1100.

Only one conclusion is possible. It is time that the wet voters of the country awoke from the slumber in which they have been indulging since last November and began considering ways and means of bringing together all the present wet groups into a single, effec-

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tive organization which will instantly back up all militant wets everywhere, and which will insist on action, both in political conference and in the next election. Figures may show that the country is now against prohibition in the ratio of two to one. But our government is still a government dictated to and influenced by organized minorities. If any one doubt it, let him consider once again the course of the veterans' bonus bill.—THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IT WAS not so long ago that we used to eulogize Andrew W. Mellon as "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton." Such a spell did this come to exercise on the Capital that we recall the day when a certain Senator touched even this praise with a superlative by twisting it into "Andrew" Hamilton. There were some indeed who were not content with such a tribute, and would snort with indignation if it were mentioned that Mr. Mellon had "served under three Presidents."

"You mean," they would suggest, "that three Presidents have served under Mr. Mellon."

Those days have come to an end, we regret to report, and there is gossip even that the Pittsburgh banker may not go through with his program of remaining in office during Mr. Hoover's first term. We admit that the "old man," as Under Secretary Ogden L. Mills calls him with a son's affection, enjoys public life, but we hear his enthusiasm has been tempered by recent reverses and the President's studied neglect of the financier's advice. Mr. Mellon is no longer head man in the Administration, as he was during the régime of Calvin Coolidge and Warren G. Harding. His golden throne is beginning to irk him, we are informed, and he is contemplating the comforts of private life. Domestic developments, too, we hear, incline him to go back home to Pittsburgh and take it easy. He is a lonely, likeable "old man" now, and he has, apparently, had his fill of public honors. We would not be surprised if, as "Andrew" Hamilton sometimes had reason to do, he gave a few bitter thoughts to the ingratitude of republics—and, perhaps, of Presidents.

To our mind, Mr. Mellon has some cause for complaint. When we recall the assets which he brought to the G. O. P. during the period of prosperity, we cannot but agree with him that the razzing he received from an overwhelmingly Republican House of Representatives was a most extraordinary demonstration. As they hooted and howled at his attitude on the veterans' bonus bill, and greeted every reference to "the greatest Secretary since—" with jeers, they seemed to have forgotten to a man that they were, before the nation's gaze, destroying the party's great legend and toppling a partisan saint from his ten-year-old pedestal. We do know that the sensitive septuagenarian keenly resented the drubbing they gave him, and we hear that these days he sits long hours at his window as he gazes through the blue haze of his stogies at Calvin Coolidge's pet inspiration—the Washington Monument. Yes, Mr. Mellon is blue and sad; he feels the approach of a period of Pittsburgh twilight. Stranger still, even those who have assailed his plutocratic policies, as they regard them, cannot but share his sorrow. He has made the mistake of hanging on too long. Unlike the much more canny Calvin Coolidge, he did not pass out with prosperity paeans ringing in his tiny ears.

From The Baltimore Sun.

"Outa me way, buddie!"

We imagine Mr. Mellon has heard reports of the President's irritation at his Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. Mills. Mr. Hoover, we are told, holds his two financial officers responsible for placing him in a position of opposition to the bonus bill. The President, we learn, feels, too late, that they should have advised him differently in the beginning of the demand for this legislation, and permitted the Administration to sponsor a less costly measure than the one which finally reached him. Mr. Hoover thinks both the financial and political situation warranted some sort of action that would not have antagonized the soldiers, their friends and relatives. He has, we hear, mentioned this to several people, and presidential indignation, though privately expressed, soon becomes known in Washington.

We do know that at one point in the negotiations somebody at the White House or Treasury gave their approval to the original Bacharach bill, since the latter admitted as much when he returned to Capitol Hill from his downtown visit. We understand the misunderstanding arose from the fact that Mr. Mills acted without consulting Mr. Mellon, who then proceeded to repudiate his subordinate's attitude. Then, of course, there was no course except for Mr. Hoover to stand behind the "greatest Secretary since—." The most amusing part of it all is that, had Mr. Mellon laid the matter before the President in advance of his repudiation, the Secretary might again have been overruled by the President. So Mr. Mellon has as satisfaction the knowledge that he did dictate to the White House as he used to do from 1921 to 1929.

Mr. Mellen can still be of use to Mr. Hoover. When the latter looks for delegates to the national convention next year, it will be helpful in procuring Pennsylvania's seventy-six nominators if the President has the Pittsburgh banker and party "angel" in his Cabinet. Mr. Mellon may be a poor politician, an indiscreet adviser and a small, wistful, disillusioned "old man" right now, but money talks in Pennsylvania politics—and nobody has yet suggested that the Secretary of the Treasury is insolvent, financially.

A. F. C.

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The Week in Business

By FRANK A. FALL

A Restatement of Faith

WITH this issue, "The Stream of Business" completes its first year as a regular feature of the OUTLOOK. In the initial article we presented our confession of faith in regard to business, and in this first issue of the second year we wish to register the fact that we haven't changed our minds a bit as to what business really is. Business consists of production and distribution, and not of a procession of figures printed on a ticker tape.

Plenty of people, of course, refuse to accept this point of view. The nearer they are to New York the more likely they are to regard Wall Street as the beginning and the end of business. If these people are right, "business" went completely to smash late in 1929 and during the early part of 1930. We don't believe it.

Business did not go on as usual during 1930, but it went on. We managed to give the railroads 45,800,000 cars of revenue freight to carry. We made and sold a motor car for each ten families at a cost of $2,159,600,000, with automobile registrations reaching a new high for all time. Our gasoline consumption of 399,000,000 barrels set up another all-time record. We manufactured 4,500,000,000 yards of textiles and 315,000,000 pairs of shoes. We used more electric current than ever before.

As for 1931, there are signs already of the spread of a better business psychology. If the moderately higher levels of stock prices reached during the past few weeks help to give momentum to this fortunate trend, we are sincerely glad of it. But we shall continue to keep our eyes fixed on production and distribution, without which Broad and Wall would be merely two streets at the lower end of Manhattan Island.

New Legal Battles

AT ABOUT this time, says the business almanac, look for conflicts in the courts, at home and abroad. Several of these have been reported on this page during the past few months, and two more important actions must now be added to the chronicle.

On this side of the Atlantic there is the case of the bankrupt Neve Drug Stores, Inc., against the United Cigar Stores. Suit has been brought by Alfred J. Neve, former president of the drug store chain, for $10,000,000 damages on the ground of illegal disposal of assets of the United Retail Chemist Corporation, the organization through which United Cigar Stores is alleged to have forced the Neve outlets into bankruptcy. It is understood that if the suit is won, stockholders of the United Retail Chemist Corporation may institute similar suits involving additional millions of dollars.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) February 19—75.8. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) February 19—67.2.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended February 7—719,053 cars (reduction of 228 under preceding week and of 166,763 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended February 14 —50.5% of capacity (increase of ½ of 1% over preceding week; reduction of 30.5% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended February 14—daily average gross 2,127,700 barrels (increase of 11,200 over preceding week; reduction of 525,250 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended February 14—235,000 bushels (reduction of 244,000 under preceding week and of 1,736,000 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended February 19—$9,571,229,000 (increase of 45.2% over preceding holiday week; reduction of 14.1% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended February 19—722 (increase of 188 over preceding holiday week and of 137 over same week of 1930).

In London, two American concerns (General Asphalt Company and Barber Asphalt Company) have won a big claim to Venezuelan oil from the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, Ltd., generally referred to as the Royal Dutch-Shell Group. The American asphalt companies sought damages for alleged breach of agreement covering delivery of oil from the Vigas concession in Venezuela, worked by the Colon Development Company, controlled by Royal Dutch-Shell.

Judge Roche ruled that the American companies must have judgment for damages to be agreed on or assessed, and Sir Patrick Hastings, attorney for the General and Barber enterprises, says that there will be no difficulty about agreeing on the damages, which "will run into millions of pounds sterling."

Daddy of the Trusts

A THRILLING chapter in American business history may be found in the career of Charles R. Flint, who has retired at 81 "for the second and last time." Mr. Flint discovered a specialty—the organizing of small industrial units into large corporations—and his ideas, shrewdly conceived and energetically put into practice, will continue to have an impact on big business in the United States and elsewhere for many years to come.

Son of the owner of a fleet of clipper ships in Maine, Mr. Flint came to New York sixty-five years ago to make his own way. In 1889 he crashed the front page by fitting out war vessels for the Brazilian revolutionists who upset the throne of Emperor Dom Pedro II; in 1897 he consolidated the street railways of Syracuse; in 1904-05 he collected $35,000,000 from the Czar of Russia for twenty submarines and torpedo boats.

His title, "father of the trusts," arose from his work in launching "horizontal" combinations such as the American Woolen Company, American Chicle Company, Mechanical Rubber Company, International Business Machines Corporation and many similar mergers.

In spite of his age and his retirement from active business, this master organizer is still keenly interested in problems of financial structure and development, and as he fishes and hunts big game in the Rockies and in Canada he will doubtless dream frequently of his "horizontal" concentrations and speculate on the possibilities of the new-fangled "vertical" and "circular" combinations.

The Six M's

WILLIS WISSLER, professor in the Ohio State University College of Commerce and Administration, has used an alliterative scenario for his *Business Administration* (McGraw-Hill $5). He discusses money, markets, men, machines, materials and methods.

Inscribing the volume to his grandfather (the pioneer industrialist, Aaron Wissler), the author delivers his message from the "actualistic" viewpoint. He divides his material into eight sections, dealing consecutively with the business setting, past and present; pecuniary control; distribution; man and management; the power age; material factors in stabilization; the mechanics of management; and the social consequences of industrialism.

Business, says Professor Wissler in conclusion, has provided man something more than a mechanism for amelioration. It has perfected—ready for the hand of man, the creator—a mode of procedure which requires only an adequately lively social vision and courage to accomplish an evolving liberation of man from the materialistic limitations of environment.

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▶▶ Finance ◀◀

New-Style Trade Restrictions

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

DURING its recent session Congress has heard many appeals for embargoes on various kinds of foreign goods. The pleas have not been confined to Russian products, although these have received the major share of attention. Secretary Hyde and Chairman Legge of the Federal Farm Board have championed a bill laying an embargo on numerous staple agricultural products, on the ground that this is a needed measure of farm relief. The independent oil producers have urged a rigid limitation of crude oil imports and the complete exclusion of refined oil. The tobacco-growers have appealed for an embargo on Sumatra leaf, and there are hints that the Treasury Department may be urged to use its power of embargo under the tariff regulations in connection with other products.

These pleas are symptomatic of a new kind of trade policy which has been developing in recent years in all parts of the world. It has been designated very appropriately as administrative protection, in contrast with the traditional method of protection afforded by customs duties. Its importance is only beginning to be recognized, but its effects on world trade are already far-reaching.

This form of protection is provided in a great variety of ways. Most countries now have regulations against dumping, or the selling of foreign goods within their jurisdiction at less than the cost of production in the country of origin. There are also administrative barriers against goods (1) exported under preferential railway or steamship rates, or (2) not properly marked with the name of the country of origin, or (3) produced by convict, forced or indentured labor, or (4) bearing a trade mark which a domestic producer or seller is authorized to use exclusively in his own country.

A story recently appeared in a New York newspaper concerning an American who had purchased a foreign automobile in which to travel through Europe. He decided to bring the car home with him, but on landing in New York he discovered that the payment of the duty did not suffice for the admission of the car. An American concern had obtained the exclusive right to sell that car in the United States, and it invoked an administrative provision of the tariff law which protected it in this right, withdrawing its opposition only when the car-owner offered it the regular agent's commission on the sale of such cars. That is a classical example of administrative protectionism.

In the United States quarantine regulations against plants, fruits, animals and meats, though intended primarily for the protection of domestic producers against diseases and pests prevalent among crops and livestock in other countries, have also served effectively as a form of administrative protection. The federal board which has jurisdiction over these matters sometimes proclaims a complete embargo on animal or vegetable products from a given area, without distinguishing between infected specimens and the rest.

There have been occasions when these rulings were criticized as being designed to protect the domestic producer from foreign goods rather than from germs and parasites. Such criticisms from foreign exporters are obviously to be taken with a grain of salt, but when embargoes are announced far in advance of the date they are to take effect there are whispers that the interval has been provided so as to permit the home producers to prepare for the enlarged demand that will follow the imposition of the restriction. The critics naturally infer that if the embargo were solely for sanitary protection it would have been made effective immediately.

The administrative restrictions on imports are much more rigorous in the Hawley-Smoot tariff of 1930 than in any preceding law. Under the tariff of 1922 the President was authorized to increase the duty by 50 per cent in cases where the importation occurred under unfair methods of trade, and in extreme cases he was authorized to prohibit the importation. Under the new tariff law he has no such discretion; the goods are to be excluded, and the President's decision is conclusive. Again, the old law prescribed the 50-per-cent penalty, with exclusion in extreme cases, for products of a country discriminating against the commerce of the United States.

These are straws showing the direction of the wind, and they reflect the general trend of trade restrictions throughout the world. A country's tariff policy is no longer to be judged merely by the level of its customs duties. Frequently the effect of these duties is nil, because they have been supplanted by less noticeable but more effective barriers in the form of administrative regulations.

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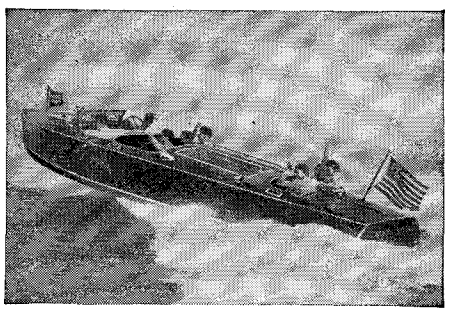

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▶▶ Big Three or Big Two? ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

HARVARD has one traditional rival; Yale has two. Harvard believes that two's company and three's a crowd as far as the football finale is concerned; Yale feels that the "Big Three" should be a fact rather than a phrase.

It is this fundamental cleavage in athletic policy that threatens to precipitate a Harvard-Yale feud comparable to their dimly remembered Springfield squabble. When Harvard and Princeton secured a gridiron divorce in 1926, on the grounds of incompatibility, it appeared that the erstwhile Big Three would eventually become a "big two-and-a-half" with Princeton in the fractional rôle.

This suited Harvard, which long has nourished the idea of a New England counterpart of the Oxford-Cambridge relationship. "As far as we are concerned," Harvard spokesmen bluntly declared, "Yale is the supreme athletic objective. Our other sports relationships are transitory; Yale will always occupy the final position on our schedules. We are willing to meet Princeton in October, but we attach no particular importance to a Princeton match. It's just another football game as far as Harvard is concerned."

Unhappily for Harvard, those in control of Yale athletics do not share this enthusiasm for an exclusive dual alliance. They prefer a triple entente, insist that Princeton be accorded equal rank with Harvard, even to sharing the final schedule date.

Yale's sudden decision to alternate Harvard and Princeton annually as its November climax opponents was a terrific jolt to Crimson pride. For thirty years the Harvard-Yale game has been the grand finale for both universities. It will continue to be the last game on Harvard's schedule, invariably falling on the third Saturday in November, but henceforth, Yale will play a post-season match with Princeton in the odd years on the Saturday after Thanksgiving.

Harvard's feelings are hurt by Yale's unexpected championing of Princeton's claim to Big Three parity—a policy which, by implication, repudiates the Cantab dream of a mutually exclusive dual alliance. While outwardly affecting an aloof it's-none-of-our-business-what-Yale-does attitude, Harvard officials and graduates are exceedingly disgruntled at this drift to Princeton. They construe Yale's action as a deliberate attempt to dragoon Harvard into recognizing Big Three parity and accepting Princeton as a co-rival.

Harvard undergraduates are less restrained. They are sore at Yale and don't care who knows it. They talk of retaliatory measures, suggest that Harvard schedule Dartmouth as a post-Thanksgiving adversary by way of "squaring the snub."

Yale opinion on the rotating plan is divided. While many Yale men have a sentimental attachment for Princeton fostered by prep school associations and business connections, it is probable that a majority regard Harvard as Yale's logical climax rival.

"Personally I like Princeton better than Harvard," said a former Yale athlete who is now a bank executive, "my friends are largely Princeton men, a natural consequence since Yale and Princeton draw their students from approximately the same boarding schools and geographical zones, but nevertheless I believe that Harvard is our natural objective. To play Princeton after Harvard strikes me as an anti-climax. A victory over Harvard wipes out the memory of a defeat by Princeton, but if Harvard whips us our season is a flat failure."

THIS man's opinion is typical of Yale sentiment as far as the writer can judge. Indeed certain Elis maintain that the alternating game program is actually a left-handed compliment to Harvard football prestige. Yale's action, they contend, was not wholly disinterested. A contributing motive was Yale's strong desire to avoid sending a physically exhausted and mentally fagged eleven against Harvard year after year.

Both Princeton and Harvard "shoot the works" against Yale. Worn to a frazzle by the emotional drain of a nerve-racking Princeton game, Yale has little left for Harvard. In victory or defeat, Yale elevens seldom reproduce their best form against the Crimson. They look listless, sluggish, dead on their feet.

Three defeats by Harvard in a row rankle in Eli breasts. To equalize the "exhaustion factor" Yale has decided to play Harvard before Princeton every other year. Next season, for example, the Elis will have an open date on the Saturday preceding their trip to Cambridge. This long rest will prime Yale for the Harvard battle and effectively eliminate alibis based on "that tired feeling." If Yale loses to Harvard next year the coaches can't blame it on Princeton.

The new arrangement does not materially improve Yale's strategic situation, since the Blue must still play its two major rivals on consecutive Saturdays. It merely rotates the order in which these foes are faced, and gives Princeton the advantage of meeting a nervously worn Yale team in alternate years, instead of allowing Harvard to monopolize this by no means negligible asset. Once every two years an unjaded, physically fresh Yale team will get a crack at Harvard. If this was the impelling motive behind Yale's change of policy Harvard may rest assured that she is still the Blue's chief objective.

Yale could have eliminated the successive Saturday handicap entirely by moving the Harvard game ahead to the Saturday after Thanksgiving and continuing to play Princeton on the mid-November date. This plan would have given Yale a two weeks' rest before both her major games, since the Eli subs could take care of St. John's College on the pre-Princeton Saturday. I don't doubt that Harvard would have accepted the postponed date in preference to the pride-galling rotating scheme.

The new arrangement does insure Yale the pleasant prerogative of finishing every season at home. No matter whether Princeton or Harvard is the final opponent, the climax game will always be played at New Haven. Had Yale selected the even years for its post-season Princeton match, this happy condition would have been reversed and the Elis would have had to wind up all their campaigns on foreign soil.

Paradoxically enough, in view of the current hue and cry about overemphasis, the rotating plan stresses rather than soft-pedals football. By extending alternate seasons to the Saturday following Thanksgiving, another week is added to Yale's campaign and Princeton's schedule is prolonged by a fortnight.

PRINCETON, of course, is jubilant over the rotating plan. Nassau grads feel that Yale has done Princeton no less than justice in view of the fact that the Yale-Princeton football series has endured longer than any other college rivalry. They point out that the Tiger-Eli game usually held the climax place of honor from 1873 to 1899.

Harvard, smarting under Yale's slap in the face, discovers that her "Eli only" policy is unrequited at New Haven. The Crimson vision of Oxford-Cambridge exclusiveness dissolves into thin air. What price President Lowell's one game schedule project now?

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Adam and Eve in Germany

A Visit to a Naked Cult Club

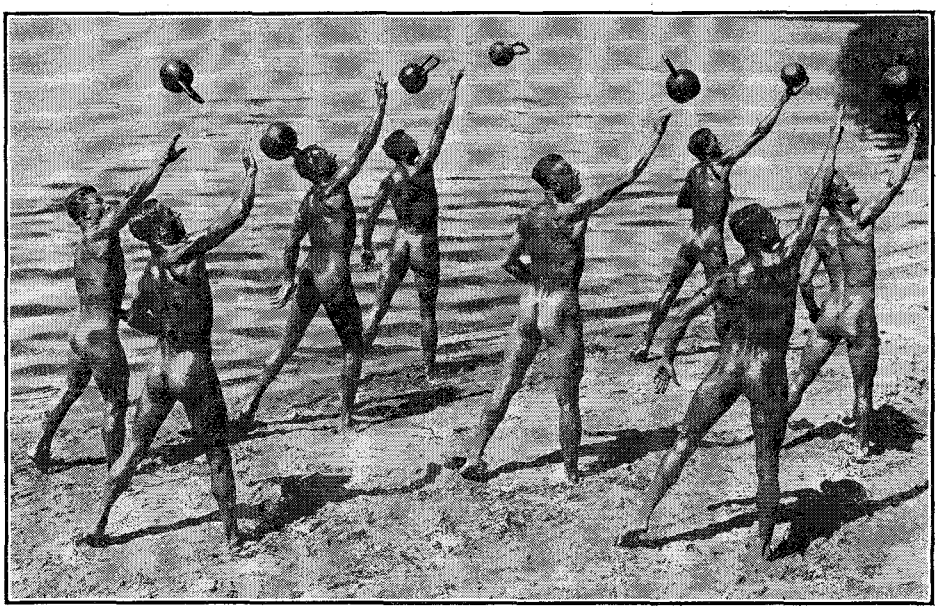
By **WILLIAM B. POWELL**

WHAT would the world be like if we all went about without clothes? You, like every one else, have probably had such a conjecture many times. This condition may come about—it has more than started and is developing rapidly. But don't get excited—living in such a state of things isn't very exciting—as I shall try to show you. Just thank your stars that the law decrees we cover our bodies. At least, it does in America—but not in Germany.

Shortly after the war, when Germany was in the throes of throwing off old repressions and experimenting with new theories, some of the restless souls decided something should be done about the human body, that it was high time the Teuton girth should be molded to lines approaching the Grecian, that it should become lithe instead of large. The movement started about 1920, and since then much has been accomplished. The visitor to Germany who has not been there since pre-war days will see a great change in the German physique, especially that of the younger generation. Gymnasiums, outdoor classes in setting-up exercises, and a great interest in sports have all contributed to this new state of physical well-being in Germany.

Many claim that the Nackt Clubs have been an important factor in Germany's physiological Renaissance. What is a Nackt Club? Well, *mein freund,* it is *not*—as my catch-as-catch-can German led me to believe — a night club. It means "Naked Club," and Germany is full of them now. Some are very simple, others are elaborate, but at all of them men, women and children go about in the state they were born. When the first one started and the news spread about, there was an uproar from most of Germany, especially from the conservative provincial *hausfrauen* and Lutheran elders, who bewailed the state to which Germany had sunk, fearing that, having lost the war, they were now losing their souls. Naturally, the government investigated. When the inquiry was finished, it was decided that the Nackt Clubs were so highly respectable that there was nothing to do but sanction them.

Today you find on the newsstands any number of magazines published to further the interests of the various cults who believe in giving the body air baths, and who patronize the Nackt Clubs. These magazines bear such titles as *Das Freibad,* describing itself, "A Monthly Journal for Furthering Naked Clubs"; *Sonneland,* "A Journal for Air Body Culture"; *Licht Land,* "An Official Organ for the League of Life Improvement"; *Lachendes Leben,* "Smiling Life," and many others. You find these magazines displayed next to such dignified old German publications as the *Berliner Tagblatt* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung.* I have also seen them side by side with (shades of Benjamin Franklin) *The Saturday Evening Post!* These magazines are full of photographs showing the activities at the Nackt Clubs. They are read openly and seriously by the Germans, not on the sly or secretly pocketed except by the tourists! The photographs of nude men, women and children shown in the magazines are simply taken as a matter of course now.



AT A NACKT CLUB FOR MEN

But in some Nude Clubs men, women and children wander around naked in their little Edens

A few days before I sailed for Germany I met an editor friend, who gave me a note to his Berlin representative—a man who knew the town inside out, he assured me. In the note he said, "Be sure to take Powell to one of the Nackt Clubs"—but I thought it merely meant to show me the Eldorado, the Eden, or the latest night haunt on the Kurfurstendam, Berlin's Broadway. I learned differently when my future guide and mentor said, "So you want to go to the Naked Clubs, I understand?"

"That's the first I knew of it. What is it all about?" I asked.

Then he informed me of the Naked Clubs of Germany, the seriousness of the people who patronize them and the red tape involved if you visit them. I decided to go, but my wise Berliner saw to it that I was prepared gradually for the visit.

He took me first to two bathing places where the people do wear clothing of a sort. "As little as the law allows" on German beaches makes our most exposed bathers look actually overdressed. We first went out to Wansee, a large and beautiful lake in a picturesque setting about a half hour's train ride from Berlin. Here the men wear only trunks, and of the most abbreviated variety I ever saw. The women wore the same sort of suits you see on our beaches, but they are allowed to sun their bodies by slipping off a shoulder strap and one half of the upper part of the suit. Apparently, you are considered quite properly clothed just so one half of your torso is covered. In fact, they enforce this same rule for the men, too, at some German places such as Baden-Baden and Munich. But in nearly every place for bathing in Germany they set aside a section for men and another for women, where one can swim or sun in the altogether.

Another day I was taken to the Wellenbad, which, in case your German fails you, means "Wave Bath." It is a huge and rather ugly building, but the waves in the pool are so realistic you can be knocked down just as pret-

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tily as on our Jersey coast. While actually swimming in the Wellenbad, both men and women must wear suits, but when they go up on the roofs set aside for sun-bathing, that is different. There are several large roofs and most of them are filled with row after row of canvas cots. Here the sun worshippers strip off their uppers—the men entirely, the women chastely slipping off one side at a time. You rent a cot by the hour and many spend the whole day there. A waiter brings you a menu and you may have your lunch or tea sent up to your "cot-side." I was surprised to see how many ordered milk, especially of the Bulgarian Lactic variety, instead of beer. It showed a very definite reaction to German propaganda, for that country, like ours, is a prey to the food organizations which advertise "Eat More of This" or "Drink More of That." One of the most aggressive campaigns seems to be that of the milk companies whose posters, telling you how strong and healthy milk will make you, gleam at you from every kiosk.

HAVING "trained" me for my first visit to one of the Nackt Clubs, my Berlin companion announced that he had completed the necessary arrangements and that we would go out the following Sunday. He himself had a membership card, a sort of passport affair including his photograph and the usual passport information, which allowed him to visit any Nackt Club in Germany. They are all over the country now from Hamburg to Munich. For me, he had acquired a special guest card and it required several days to obtain it. I had to give about the same information asked by all passport authorities.

I felt as if I was starting off on an adventure as we boarded a trolley that bright morning. On the way out to the country, my friend said to me calmly:

"I hope you won't feel the cold today—it is quite cloudy."

"Oh no," I assured him, "These clothes are warm enough."

"But you can't wear clothes out where we are going—they don't like that at all. They don't want any tourists or onlookers. You must be one of them or not at all."

It had never occurred to me that I would have to become an air bather in the flesh if I went to a Nackt Club. After the first shock, and after several times deciding I would take the trolley back to town, I finally remembered that I always considered "I'll try anything once" a good motto, so I resigned myself to whatever the day would bring forth and remained on the trolley. When we reached the end of the line, most of the people who got off made for a nearby woods and started down a path.

"I think they are all going to the club," said my friend and it turned out that they were. There were middle-aged women who looked like teachers; men who appeared to be scientists or scholars and some who looked like clerks or minor business men; also old men and women, grandmothers and grandfathers with their grandchildren tagging along. Included in the group were a few younger people, apparently students at universities and girls who looked like stenographers or bookkeepers. The crowd impressed me on the whole as being what might be termed "respectable middle class." The girls were not made up nor did the youths look like the sheik variety.

Looking the crowd over as we walked through the woods, my friend said that perhaps he had made a mistake in selecting this club of the bourgeois type and I would probably have preferred one of the smarter sort. Oh yes, there was one, he said, which was very chic, where even members of the British Embassy staff were often seen. I am sure Queen Victoria and her entire diplomatic corps must have turned over in their graves several times.

Our path finally led us to a sign on a tree with the ubiquitous "Verboten." The sign announced that you were not allowed further unless you were a member of the Nackt Club. A few yards more and I received my first jolt, for there in a little wooden booth sat a man selling tickets to the men and women in line, and he wore not a stitch. From this point, one had a glimpse through the crude fence of what the club was like. I saw a couple walking among the trees who looked for all the world like pictures you see of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, only the illusion was somewhat destroyed when you noticed that the man carried a thermos bottle under one arm and the woman was swinging a basket.

Once inside the club grounds, we made straight for a shed where everyone undressed. It had no walls, merely a roof and floor, with benches and pegs for clothes. I probably sound hard-boiled when I say I was not at all embarrassed at the procedure. The whole atmosphere and conduct of the people is so casual that in a few minutes you feel it is perfectly natural.

It is hard to adequately express how highly respectable this Nackt Club seemed—in fact, it was almost dull! It seemed, literally, more respectable than most gatherings which society attends nowadays. It was anything but glamorous or intriguing and my friends, who have heard me tell of my visit and whom I suspect of being a bit nervous at their formal dinners lest I start peeling off my clothes, need have no fear. I believe that clothing manufacturers looking for ways and means of boosting their business could do no better than to have people visit a Nackt Club. The result would be immediately felt by an increase in the purchase of clothes!

WANDERING around the grounds, here are some of the things I saw. A set of mixed doubles being played on the tennis court; girls and boys playing at handball; old men pitching horseshoes; mothers sitting on the ground doing their mending while surrounded by children at play. One man, evidently a writer, had brought out his portable typewriter and was pounding away at it on a hillside. Several women had kept on their earrings or necklaces, a few their hats. Some wore their slippers as a protection from the pebbles. These looked like the ladies in *La Vie Parisienne*—much more undressed just because of the one accessory they wore. Some of the huskier men were at work building a shed where a shower bath was to be installed. Others were digging in a garden. At a far corner, there was a radio around which people were sitting on the ground listening to a church service. Not much lewdity or levity in that! No smoking was allowed, and no liquor, not even beer, which for Germany is the height of restriction. There was a little refreshment stand where sandwiches, fruit and milk were sold.

The main theory of these people seems to be to let your body breathe more air. They don't confine their belief in exposure to sunshine alone for many of them wear no clothes when they are at home. Some of the most enthusiastic and hardy of the cult continue visiting the Club even in winter.

A few hours was long enough for me on that mild Sabbath. As clouds gathered and I had no protection except goose flesh, I was quite ready to put on some clothes and visit the nearest "steube" for a hot wienie and a warming glass of port.

I am glad I went to the Nackt Club, but never want to visit one again. The sight was mainly unpleasant, not shocking. If every one there had been selected from the youth and beauty of the land (which you seem to find at the German beaches of the natural variety), that would be one thing. But with half the people fat and forty (or over), I must admit that as I left the grounds I was grateful that Nackt Clubs have not reached America yet and I said, "Thank God for clothes."

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Albert IV—of Maryland

A Portrait of the Perennial Governor Ritchie

By FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

ONCE a man becomes a candidate for the presidency of these United States, satellites and myth-makers tend to picture him as more or less chosen of the gods. It is probably a persistence of our race heritage of King-worship. But those who watch the selection process know that unless the rules are abolished by the emergence of a figure with some unusual asset—the oratorical mesmerism of a Bryan, the positive, popular leadership of a Roosevelt or a Wilson, or the well-advertised "superman" aura of a Hoover—each party is almost certain to pick its banner-bearer from a little group whose eligibility rests upon commonplace foundations.

It has come to be practically a political law that any man whose rise from obscurity to minor prominence leads him to look toward the presidential prize must hail from a "pivotal" state with a large electoral vote, like New York or Ohio, if he is to be accepted by the country at large as qualified presidential timber. Other qualities are desirable, but this one alone has accounted in large part for the selection of sixteen of the twenty-two men who have been major-party presidential nominees in the last half-century. The hopeful who lacks this basic attribute, or one of the unusual assets, can have but one other justification for seriously seeking a nomination. If, despite coming from a minor State, he has a pleasing personality, a good appearance, a record as an unusual vote-getter, and *no pronounced political convictions,* he still has an off-chance of reaching the goal should the leading contenders stalemate each other at the national convention of their party.

Underwood

It is these facts which makes so striking the success of Governor Albert Cabell Ritchie, of Maryland, in winning a definite place in the 1932 Democratic presidential galaxy. For while the Free State executive possesses two of the minor qualifications which bring men to the attention of the candidate-makers, they are both more than cancelled out, in the usual concept, by his lack of the more important ones. It is true, for example, that Governor Ritchie has shown remarkable ability as a vote-getter within the confines of his own little State. Four times successively chosen to an office which Maryland voters have never given any other man more than once, his qualifications in this respect need no elaboration beyond the comment that his pluralities have steadily increased from a bare 165 in 1919 to more than 70,000 last fall. The Governor also has a large measure of that attractiveness in appearance upon which politicians set much store in these days of woman suffrage. In like degree he also possesses a personal charm which, while perhaps of no pronounced appeal to men, should bring the feminine voters flocking to his support if he gets a chance to display it in the national field. When to this almost boyish appeal there is added the asset of his old Virginia family background, with all that connotes, it appears that he should be no less than devastating to the dear ladies of both sexes who shuddered at the virile plebeianism of Al Smith. Yet Governor Ritchie would not be just another glorified Boy Scout.

Aside from these minor qualities, Ritchie's attributes, in the customary political view, are all negative. No convention will look upon Maryland's little block of eight electoral votes as any reason for considering him. The Free State's convention delegation cannot produce even such a nucleus to build on as was delivered persistently through a hundred ballotings in 1924 for Underwood of Alabama. Nor does the Governor possess any of those unusual qualities, so far as can be told now, which sometimes bring the supposed outsider within the charmed circle of presidential hopefuls. An acceptable public speaker, he has neither the fire of a Bryan nor the forceful individuality of an Al Smith or a Hiram Johnson. Intelligent, well-educated and a successful administrator, he claims none of those "super" qualities attributed once to Herbert Hoover but now largely fluttering off to cluster about the noble brows of Dwight W. Morrow and Owen D. Young. So far as he has developed to date—and he has unquestionably developed in the last decade—apparently he is not ready to offer himself as a political and economic Moses upon whom a perplexed people can pile all their problems and thus free themselves for exclusive devotion to radio, bridge and the movies.

All this, it will be seen, leaves but one explanation for the Governor's admitted inclusion among the 1932 possibilities:—namely, his recognized acceptability as a compromise candidate should the leading contenders deadlock. While he does obviously possess only this chance today in relation to the other Democratic prospects—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Owen D. Young, and possibly ex-Governor Smith—he is here checkmated, in the usual view, by the possession of that attribute ordinarily suspect in a compromise candidate, a body of firmly expressed and well recognized political convictions. Here arises the novelty of the circumstance and the uniqueness of the man. For it is solely because of his championship of these convictions in speech and action, year in and year out for the last decade, that Ritchie has lifted himself out of the ruck and rank

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of competent Governors of unimportant States to his recognized place in the Democratic presidential gallery.

Yet in Ritchie's convictions—one might say his conviction—there is nothing new except as his single-minded emphasis upon a time-honored but half-forgotten American political doctrine has given it newness. In a word—unfortunately a somewhat threadbare word—Ritchie's championship is of the doctrine of states' rights. He himself prefers to call it the doctrine of state responsibility and local self-government. But if one is to take it in its rounded implications, it embodies much more than these phrases popularly indicate—where they popularly indicate anything at all as yet. Applied in all its implications, it would entail a revolution such as the nation has not yet seen.

Governor Ritchie himself might reject this interpretation, but in its fundamentals the Ritchie doctrine appears to reject extension of either the power-taking or the privilege-granting hands of government into any field beyond those necessary for preservation of ordered liberty and the common defense. This negation of the extension of government runs three ways. Primarily, in the Governor's emphasis, it runs against such governmental paternalism as maternity and infancy welfare acts, "fifty-fifty" federal aid to the states, federal enforcement of sobriety through a rigid national prohibition law and of child welfare through a child-labor amendment, federal encouragement and supervision of agriculture, home-making, vocation training and the like, and finally against proposed federal imposition of standards of education, marriage and divorce. Secondarily, it runs against such bureaucratic federal regulation and invasion of business as he sees embodied in the Federal Trade Commission's activities, the federal income tax collection and so on.

Or, to quote him directly, what he opposes in varying measure is the fact that today the federal authority

> not only regulates commerce on land and sea and sky as between the states, but it regulates it intrinsically and within the states. It is itself in business as monopolist, competitor and adventurer in a thousand lines: in manufacturing, banking, forestry, shipping, ship-building, aviation, irrigation, mining, warehousing, oil, power, et cetera. It undertakes to regulate, control, supplement or stifle competition. It attempts to shape the course and spirit of almost every variety of human enterprise. It dictates as to private finance and commerce at home and abroad. It directs and influences directly and indirectly, through subsidies and advice and the magic of actual or supposed power, the internal life and processes of every state. It builds roads, supervises industry, regulates and controls rates, prices, wages, factory conditions, hours of labor, vocational and cultural education, the care of our infants and mothers, and our meat and drink. . . . With this comes a system of bureaucracy which always spells tyranny.

This was the emphasis of the Ritchie doctrine as he developed it up to a year or so ago. In application, it was primarily a rejection of those extensions of government designed to protect and aid the so-called under-privileged classes and the sections in which they predominate. But in rejecting these extensions, Ritchie was no mere standpatter speaking for the privileged, although many unquestionably classed him thus. An undoubted conservative, the Governor is no Bourbon, and he has proved that in action more than once. His real objection, as indicated in the foregoing quotation, is to governmental tyranny—the same kind of objection which made him the only Governor in 1922 who refused President Harding's request to send troops against the striking railroad shopmen. But one seeking his remedy against the continual extension of the federal power could find little in his speeches until recently beyond an apparent feeling that natural law would solve the problem somehow if one could only stumble on the secret of freezing its functioning.

In the happy heyday of prosperity when the Governor was developing his doctrine in practice in Maryland and in speeches throughout the country, its concrete and living appeal, of course, was to only two groups. While it held a vague and sentimental attraction to lovers of liberty of the Jeffersonian school, its application as then expounded offered no solution to the economic problems which prosperity had not entirely obscured. It meant something specific only to the wets and to those business and financial interests who reach greedily for governmental tariffs, subsidies and franchises favoring themselves, but roar loudly when comparable aids are demanded by the under-privileged, so-called.

Thus Ritchie received snap classification in many quarters as merely another "wet" and another "reactionary." The collapse of prosperity, with its forced projection of economic problems into the view of every one, has apparently shown the latter designation of the Free State Governor to be further from the fact than some of his incidental actions indicated. For when he came in his inaugural this year to address himself formally to the great present problem, he moved boldly forward to the new ground which the logic of his doctrine dictates.

Today, therefore, by the earnest of that address, the Ritchie doctrine finally runs also against the privilege-granting as well as the power-taking hand of government. It is true that the Governor still appears to have a limited conception of the number, extent and sweeping effect of these grants upon the whole economic and political system, but he has taken the line. He appears finally, even if vaguely, to see the close connection between these grants of power to exploit and tax the wealth producers through tariffs, franchises and subsidies and the resultant hastening to Washington of the victims seeking whatever palliative hasty thought suggests. Listen to this:

> Industry complains of Government in business, and then powerful interests insist on writing its tariff bills, flexible and inflexible, and thus put Government into business in its most obnoxious form. It puts its billions into public utilities, and then pits propaganda against politics . . . .

And this:

> Instead of looking upon our natural resources as a heritage of the people, here and to come, there is a tendency to exploit them for the greatest possible immediate profit.

Strong words these, and one wonders if the Governor really knows how strong they are. He evidently intends them to be specific, and not mere political palaver, repeated over and over by every time-serving political hack until any meaning they may once have had has been forgotten. Hear the Governor on this specific point:

> People are becoming tired of hearing about justice and liberty and equality, and the old conjure words. They want to know how to get a job and how to prosper.

And still more specifically:

> It cannot be that a nation should be poor because it is too rich, and that we should long have an excess of business disaster, unemployment and even suffering when we have an excess of commodities, of production, of money and of real wealth. . . . If our economic system can produce unemployment like the present and is unable to change it, then something is wrong with that system. There must be an antidote to Communism.

And again on the same note:

> Of what aid is it, let me pause to ask, that our country is dedicated to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" if

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our men and women are without employment which is necessary for food, lodging and self-respect, and if our boys and girls who left high schools last year are unable to realize the opportunities for which they studied and worked because jobs for them do not exist?

And finally:

What good government ought to do is see that every one has equal access to the door of opportunity.

If Governor Ritchie has the mental integrity and ability to move this far forward in the face of emergencies from the doctrine he first championed ten years ago, he would appear capable, in a place of greater power, of moving much further toward specific application of that last goal: "equal access to the door of opportunity." At the least, he could forcefully point the way. So far, of course, his challenge of existing economic conditions runs mostly to the form of a questioning. And in one section of the recent inaugural address from which the foregoing statements are quoted there is a somewhat plaintive shrinking from the problem he impliedly sets before himself.

"The catch-word of the hour is 'economics,' " he complains. "We speak of economic laws as if they were a part of the order of nature, even though there is almost universal disagreement as to what they are. Perhaps we test life too much by the economic yardstick." One can sympathize with the Governor's plaint as he confronts our carefully cultivated economic ignorance; yet realize that he knows in his heart that there the answer lies to his pointed questions. Yet he does attempt a few answers, for he says:

The replacement in industry of men with machines and the growing industrialism of the age have resulted in the flow of more and more goods from our factories, until the surplus can only be absorbed by an increased export trade. Yet in place of increasing our export trade, the Federal Government—set upon once more—did everything that could well be imagined to destroy it, and built a tariff wall so high that it has flooded our domestic markets with an unmanageable surplus, started the migration of American industries abroad, and is bringing reprisals and retaliations from other nations with which we trade and whose friendship and good will we ought to have. The farmer is not getting his just share of the national wealth . . . . yet by this same tariff wall the federal government brought about an increase in the price of nearly everything the farmer buys at a time when the returns from his principal cash crops are the lowest in decades.

It may be said, of course, that advocacy of a tariff designed to ship more and more of our surplus wealth of commodities abroad is hardly a complete answer to those who starve for lack of such commodities in our own land. But it is at least a gesture in the direction of reducing or eliminating one of those governmentally granted franchises which prevent the farmer and others from getting their "just share of the national wealth."

The Governor's suggestions of how to prevent "unemployment and even suffering when we have an excess of commodities, of production, of money and of real wealth" is hardly so clear. In fact, it smacks somewhat of those very palliatives whose extension by the federal power he condemns so vigorously. The "antidote for Communism," he believes, "is to be found in aiding the disadvantaged man to his feet. The more helpful you are to those who need help, the more you offer sound education to the illiterate, hospital care to the sick, and a chance to the underfellow, the more difficult it will be for Communism and Socialism to secure a foothold."

This sounds suspiciously like a backsliding toward the very governmental palliatives accepted by all our recent administrations, even when they were proclaiming most loudly against "government in business," paternalism and the like. There seems to be a somewhat incongruous note, too, in the Governor's assertion that in inveighing against "too much interference, regulation and supervision" he does not mean "to convey any sense of sympathy with those who are opposed to the necessary regulation which government must exercise over the operations of such public utilities as the railroads and the giant combines of power companies in order to protect the public interests."

Perhaps the Governor's chief hope of an answer to the problem he envisages is to be found in his assertion that "what is necessary now is for business to recognize that primarily the problem (of unemployment, inadequate purchasing power, etc.) belongs to it and not to the state. . . . Industry should evolve its own forms of prevention and put the burden of this on its own economic surplus. Some organizations, like the General Electric, are already doing this. With our machine economy and labor-saving devices we have the right, if our economic system is sound, to expect the burdens of labor and the uncertainty of employment largely to decrease. The day should not be far off when men and women need work fewer hours and suffer no loss of income."

(Please Turn to Page 350)

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▶▶ The Old Army Game in Spain ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

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What has struck all observers of Spain's kaleidoscopic politics is that no matter what may befall King, Parliament, Monarchists, Republicans or Communists, one political power continues to exert strong and usually predominant influence in the land, viz: the Spanish army. This article tells how the Spanish army has turned itself into a political machine, and succeeded, despite repeated defeats in war, in asserting itself triumphantly on the battlefields of politics. It has been Alfonso's mainstay.

•

SOMEWHAT over a century ago a great idea dawned upon certain high officers in the Spanish army.

They arrived at the paradoxical conclusion that the most propitious time for enhancing military power in the land was a time of peace instead of a time of war. As an instrument for carrying their idea into effect, they chose politics.

At first, to be sure, they could not turn their thoughts entirely away from that which, in normally constituted lands, causes the brows of warriors to wrinkle in preparation and their eyes to flash in anticipation. Battle, both at home and abroad, continued to confront the Spanish army long afterwards. But, during the last third of a century (except the fight near Jaca last year, when rebellion flared up on Spanish soil) Spain's soldiers have tasted battle only in Morocco, whereas, in the realm of home politics, there is scarcely a pie into which they have not stuck their martial fingers.

Other nations, even those which were up to their necks in the war, successfully combat anything savoring of meddling in politics by army officers. The enhanced importance gained by the army element in those lands between 1914 and 1918 has been abdicated in favor of civilian politicians. Even at the climax of the war, civilians, politically speaking, often loomed larger than their military colleagues. Clemenceau overshadowed Foch, Lloyd George dwarfed Haig, Wilson towered over Pershing. In Spain, on the other hand, a nation at peace, before, during and since the World War, the political power of the army has risen steadily until it now far surpasses that of any civilian organization in the land.

The first question at the news of trouble in Spain is "How does the Spanish army stand?" Few of those who read about Spanish affairs know much about this or that political party, this or that political leader. They are hazy as to what King Alfonso thinks on this or that question. What they do know, however, is that whoever has the backing of the army has the best chance of winning out; that whoever has antagonized the compact body of officers who rule Spain unofficially is a poor bet in politics.

By no means successful in warfare, the Spanish army has shown an extraordinary amount of political skill. For the purpose of furthering army interests in the political field its officers (they number about 20,000, or one to fewer than ten men of the rank and file) banded themselves together years ago into clubs or committees—the famous "Juntas de Defensa." These "Juntas" soon became the nucleus of the most powerful political influence in the country. Expressing itself through the "Juntas," the Spanish army, though worsted in overseas warfare and bitterly opposed by strong elements at home, proceeded to dictate the policy of the Spanish government.

Cabinets rise and fall at a nod from army commanders. Huge sums are appropriated for army needs, and only a small part goes for what one might deem the principal requirements of a country's military establishment—increased efficiency, betterment of equipment, more intensive training. Much of it is frittered away in salaries for a host of officers, who, aside from drawing their pay, spend their time (so their enemies aver) sitting around military clubs, playing politics. Statesmen may chafe, King Alfonso himself may fret, but the influence of the Spanish army goes on unchecked.

ITS contempt for civilians has developed into arrogance. Every move on the part of Spanish civilian politicians toward liberalism, regional autonomy, republicanism, meets ruthless army opposition. Some years ago, the army forced the Spanish government to allow officers charged with various offenses against civilians to appear only before military tribunals, only one instance of the growing power of the army element. Indeed, the whole history of the rise of the Spanish army to its present political preponderance in the land is a record of encroachments on civilian privileges.

What makes it especially formidable in Spain is the fact that its officers, from whom emanates this preponderance, are not drawn from any single stratum of society, against which other strata might successfully combine. Instead, they include representatives of every social caste from the élite of the aristocracy right down through the bourgeoisie to the very fringe of the lower classes. Whatever may have been their upbringing and prejudices before, the majority become consciously and militantly army men. Army esprit de corps, cutting across social barriers, has welded all these men into the most cohesive element in Spain, one that marches as resolutely towards political victory as armies in other countries march toward victory in war.

THIS domination of the military element in Spain began in the days of her fight against Napoleon in the early years of the nineteenth century. The Corsican, try as he would, could never obtain a firm foothold in the Spanish Peninsula. When Wellington, aided by his Spanish allies, had driven the French back across the Pyrenees, there was no allaying the martial ardor which had swept the peninsula.

They who had led in war remained leaders in peace. General Castaños, the Spanish victor at Bailén, continued to take salutes from civilians as well as soldiers. Long after there was no more danger of conquest by France, the sword remained mightier in Spain than the pen, the plowshare, or any of the rest of the symbols of peace. After Castaños came Riego and Espartero and Serrano—all soldiers, all politicians. Spain's short-lived republic of the seventies of last century was abruptly terminated by the action of another military commander, Martinez-Campos, who proclaimed Alfonso XII, father of Spain's present king, ruler over the Spanish nation. Though civilian statesmen, fully appreciating the dangers of military supremacy in Spanish politics, have sought again and again to curb the power of the army, their efforts have availed little. Spain has continued to be a land where civilians, in peace-time, are almost as inferior to soldiers as they would be, in war-time, should they venture to appear on a battlefield in the face of an armed adversary.

Until the end of the nineteenth century there was considerable excuse for this state of affairs. After the first decade of that century, which saw Spain's desperate opposition to Napoleon, came

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years of furious fighting in Spanish-America, with insurgent patriots struggling for independence, and Spanish regiments obstinately trying to keep them and their homelands of the new world subject to the Spanish King. Before the second third of last century, Spain found herself shorn of nearly all her overseas dominions. Under indomitable leaders like Simon Bolívar, José de San Martín, Hidalgo, Artigas, and many another, the Spanish Americans asserted their freedom from Spanish rule. From the Rio Grande to the southern tip of South America the soldiers of the Spanish King were defeated; the flags of more than a dozen new-born republics waved in place of the red-and-yellow standard of Spain.

One would have thought that the army which had failed to hold the new world would have failed, in the old world, to keep its influence. But right here a paradox began to work which has continued to assert itself, with ever-increasing insistence, in Spanish affairs. Like the mythological Antaeus, who, when hard pressed in combat, used to fall to earth and draw new strength therefrom, the Spanish army proceeded to draw new strength from its record of defeat in Spanish America. This capacity for turning discomfiture to its advantage has remained to this day one of its best political assets.

Side by side with the growth of this trait went another factor which played straight into the hands of the Spanish military establishment during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century: that succession of civil dissensions which turned Spain's politics into a waste of turmoil and bloodshed and made the Spanish army an imperative necessity if order of any sort was to be maintained. This was the period of the Carlist Wars, of military "pronunciamientos," of Republican flare-ups, culminating, once at least, in the actual foundation of a Spanish republic. Whatever the ups and downs of other political elements in these restless years, the Spanish army remained preponderant.

Under monarchy and republic, it made and unmade governments. Conscious of the fact that it was absolutely necessary, it used this era of instability for buttressing its already strong position. Whenever interludes of peace brought a recrudescence of the activity of those who wished to emancipate their country from army rule, the military element could always point to the colonial situation as a justification for its power. Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines were still Spanish, still dear to every Spaniard who wished to preserve the illusion that Spain was still great among the nations, and the only way to keep the Spanish banner flying over these colonies was to maintain a strong army. The men sent overseas to govern in the name of the Spanish King were always military leaders; in the last resort it was by the mailed fist of militarism that they asserted their authority. In vain Porto Ricans and Filipinos grumbled; in vain Cubans staged revolt after revolt. Spain's army crushed every one of them; and, with the crushing of each, there was a corresponding growth in the political power of that army in the mother country.

ALFONSO XIII WINS AGAIN

Threatened with a revolution, he manoeuvred adroitly, brought in Admiral Aznar y Cabanas as Premier, and the old army game entered a new phase, with General Berenguer, the former dictator and premier, as minister of war

Then came 1898. Again the Spanish army was signally defeated. Again the time seemed ripe for the eclipse of its domination in Spanish politics. Again its foes in Spain raised their voices against it in clamorous hostility. Again they had to confess failure. Even more triumphantly than in earlier crises the Spanish army weathered this menacing storm. For years no civil war had rent Spain and there was no need for a big army to mount guard at home. Spain's last important colonial possessions had been wrested from her, and there was no need for a big army to garrison overseas strongholds of Spanish power and combat overseas rebels against Spanish authority. Nevertheless, the compact body of politicians who wear the uniform of Spanish army officers remained unshaken in their power.

Yet, despite all their strength and arrogance, they were confronted at times with the necessity of presenting some valid argument for their continued existence as the dominant factor in the political field. The old shibboleths no longer availed: no French invader was upon Spanish soil; no civil war sundered the nation; no turbulent colony demanded the iron hand of a Spanish military commander, backed by thousands of Spanish soldiers. But the military politicians, ever resourceful, again found an effective slogan.

"What earthly reason is there for you fellows to continue drawing salaries?" the officers of the Spanish army were asked by their foes. And the officers of the Spanish army, drawing themselves up to their full height, replied, as one man, with flashing eyes and a martial clutch at their sword-hilts:

"Morocco!"

The Old Spanish Army Game! The Old Spanish Political Paradox! Once the answer had been "Napoleon!" Later it had changed to "Civil War!" Still later it had become "Cuba!" And now that Napoleon was dead and civil war asleep and Cuba independent the Spanish army must still be kept over-officered, over-paid and over-powerful because of Morocco!

For many years Spain had maintained a "zone" there. The loss of this "zone" (argued the militarists) would be a dreadful blow to Spanish prestige. To prevent this loss, the budget for the army must be kept up on a lavish scale. In vain the army's opponents heatedly pointed out that its record in Morocco had been little better than its achievements in Spanish America. No matter! Why should Moroccan reverses have any worse effect on military influence in home politics than defeats across the ocean? "Close ranks!" shouted the army "Juntas," and their officer-members, obeying the order with alacrity, pressed forward, in a compact phalanx, to fresh budget victories.

Eventually, however, Moroccan affairs came to a crisis. King Alfonso made the military muddle there still more serious by going over the heads of

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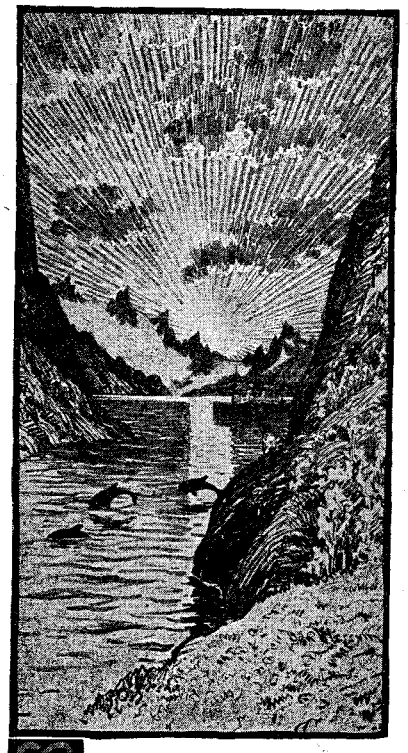

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army commanders and seeking to run military operations himself. As a result (well-informed Spaniards insist) of such royal meddling, General Silvestre, commanding one of the Spanish expeditionary columns in Morocco, suffered a complete defeat. Opponents of the Spanish army redoubled their attacks. They denounced its inefficiency, clamored for the termination of its political influence. King Alfonso found himself in a dilemma. He, too, was involved in the general storm of criticism; the Silvestre catastrophe reacted against him so rudely that for a while it looked as if his retention of the Spanish throne was imperiled.

What was Alfonso to do? Should he propitiate disaffected elements by siding with them against the army? Or should he cast in his lot with the army and rely upon its support for keeping him upon the throne?

He chose the latter course. In the midst of heated popular clamor for a thorough investigation of royal and military responsibility for the Moroccan débâcle, General Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella, one of the principal army leaders (backed, as was soon made clear, by King Alfonso) suddenly staged a coup d'état. He contemptuously brushed aside all civilian opposition, put an end, for the time being, to everything resembling parliamentary government, substituted a military dictatorship with himself as dictator. King and army breathed easier. There was no more fear that Morocco might prove their political Waterloo.

Dictator Primo de Rivera initiated his army dictatorship in the autumn of 1923. From then onward the Spanish army stood upon a pinnacle of political power such as it had never attained before. It was a case of the army first and the rest nowhere. Spanish republicans, Spanish monarchists opposed to undue military influence in politics—all were trampled under the heel of Spain's peace-time militarism. And King Alfonso—now willingly, now reluctantly—invariably signed the army's edicts on the dotted line.

The army which had put Primo de Rivera into power eventually grew tired of him and forced him to get out. The world sat up, expectant. Would the Spanish republicans get in? Would Alfonso do something?

The answer, which came swiftly, was emphatically in the negative. Primo de Rivera stepped down and Berenguer stepped up—one Spanish general walked out and another walked in.

The Spanish army was still doing business at the old stand! The old Spanish army game was being played according to the same old rules; all that had happened was that one of the players on the army team had been taken out and a substitute put in. And King Alfonso, in the grandstand, after applauding Primo de Rivera vigorously as he limped off the field, shouted with equal vigor for Berenguer as he took his place in the line-up. The world, which had keyed itself up to expect a sensational shake-up in Spanish politics, turned its thoughts elsewhere.

Another year has passed. Again there has been a "crisis." General Berenguer has ceased being dictator. Again there is talk of effective elections, of assembling Parliament. But will such talk again fail to flower into action? Again it looks as if the old truth still stood: cabinets may come in Spain, cabinets may go, but the old army game goes on. Forever?

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The New Books

Analysis and Poetry

IN HIS introduction to his critical study, *Wordsworth* (Cape and Smith $3), Herbert Read quotes the poet's own wish that no one should pry into the lives of authors. Wordsworth, writing to a friend of Burns', said, "And, of poets more especially, it is true that if their works be good, they contain within themselves all that is necessary to their being comprehended and relished." Herbert Read, believing that—"We may think of the poet as someone preparing a feast for our enjoyment, or uttering noble sentiments for our instruction. The poet himself has another point of view; he is a man endowed with a particularly complex emotional sensibility, and his immediate concern is to adjust his personality to his experience. His poetry is the by-product," undertakes an analysis of Wordsworth's emotional experience through an analysis of his poetry. The result is scarcely biography, but is a very instructive study of the processes of poetical creation. The book is too dry for the general reader, and, in that, is a contrast to the study of the creative process in Coleridge, Wordsworth's intimate associate and co-formulator of poetical theory, made a few years ago by John Livingston Lowes in *The Road to Xanadu*. From the point of view of the general reader of biography, one could scarcely think of a poet whose personality is less able to fire the imagination and to arouse sympathy than Wordsworth. There was a Wordsworth cult, beginning in his lifetime and flourishing up to within a comparatively few years. But this cult, Mr. Read points out, was founded partly upon a misapprehension. Equally incomplete, according to Mr. Read, was the basis for the charge of apostasy hurled at Wordsworth by the young liberals of England and celebrated by Browning in his poem, *The Lost Leader*. Offhand, this charge would appear to have been a fair one. Wordsworth began his writing as an ardent republican, apologist for the French Revolution, Rousseauist (he never quite got over that), and poet laureate of republican sympathizers in England. He ended it as a thoroughgoing Tory. But Mr. Read, on the excellent theory that *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*, explains Wordsworth's change of mind very clearly. It is, in fact, a change of mind which explains his work. Accounts of Wordsworth's life were carefully bowdlerized by himself and his early biographers. A few years ago the curious and not too creditable story of his liaison with Annette Vallon came to light. It became known that in the months which he spent in France as a youth, months when his revolutionary sentiments were being crystallized under the influence of French leaders, he met and seduced a young French girl and had a child by her. He promptly deserted her. His country was at war with France and for nine years he was unable or found it inexpedient to return to France. During that time his passion, not surprisingly, cooled, and he was greatly troubled by remorse. When he was free of the one and able to adjust himself to the other he threw off his republican views as a kind of justification for throwing off Annette and his daughter. So your reviewer interprets Mr. Read's theory. Wordsworth's great poetry was written after he had adjusted himself to his emotional experience. Mr. Read finds that art is never created in the heat of emotional turmoil (a belief which will be challenged and which seems to have few adherents at present); and that it was only in the peace which followed the storm that Wordsworth's great poetry was written. The *Prelude*, generally accepted as autobiographical, Mr. Read believes was rather "a deliberate mask. It is an idealization of the poet's life, not the reality." The poetry of the "devout Wordsworthians" he describes as philosophical poetry belonging to "that rare species of poetry in which *thought is felt*." The Excursion and the work of the last phase fails because "Wordsworth had so frustrated his feelings that he was no longer capable of sustained poetic expression." As might be expected, Mr. Read places much emphasis upon the association of Wordsworth and Coleridge and their mutual influence. Of their years of intimacy and the poetical theory which they formulated, he writes —"It is no exaggeration to say that we, today. . . are still writing poetry in the tradition they established." Your reviewer has found Mr. Read's book stimulating and provocative of thought and on the strength of the provocation has reread some Wordsworth. For the general reader, this is about the most that the book can do. For him, the analysis is a dry wind blowing dead leaves. It was not, in fact, meant for general readers.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

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Fiction

Two Thieves, by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A simple, intense tale of two thieves who lived at the time of Christ. Reviewed February 11.

Festival, by Struthers Burt: Scribner's. A novel clamorous with life, mellow with reflection; itself a sort of fiesta. Reviewed January 28.

Back Street, by Fannie Hurst: Cosmopolitan. Striking characterizations and heavy sob-stuff in a dramatic story of a rich man's faithful mistress. Reviewed January 28.

Grand Hotel, by Vicki Baum: Doubleday Doran. A fine translation of a German novel, the dramatization of which is Broadway's favored child. Reviewed January 7.

Up the Ladder of Gold, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little Brown. Warren Rand, the richest man in the world, tries to secure international peace by buying gold. Reviewed January 7.

Non-Fiction

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

The Science of Life, by Wells, Huxley and Wells: Doubleday, Doran. Science and its relation to life in two volumes. Reviewed February 4.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Hard Lines, by Ogden Nash: Simon & Schuster. Riotous light verse, much of which has appeared in the New Yorker. Reviewed January 28.

Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by F. Yeats-Brown: Viking Press. An exciting account of a many-sided life in India. Reviewed November 5.

The Week's Reading

"MRS. GASKELL and Her Friends" by Elizabeth Haldane (Appleton $4). The authoress of *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, that brilliant picture of a brilliant subject which is, in places, almost sentimental fiction, and of *Cranford*, that delicately ironic tale of English village life, had a great capacity for friendship. To her pleasant home life, with her minister husband and four daughters, was added a social life, spent in the best literary circles of her time. Florence Nightingale and Charlotte Brontë were her dear friends. She knew Dickens and wrote melodramatic tales and ghost stories for his magazine. Thackeray, the Brownings, Swinburne, later Henry James were her friends. She had a wide understanding of and sym-

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pathy for the victims of the industrial revolution in England and espoused their cause with great effect in many of her novels and stories. She was an engaging letter writer and her letters, which are largely quoted, lend life and grace to Elizabeth Haldane's rather slow-moving book. Mrs. Gaskell's work lives by the detail and radiance of its local color, because it interprets its author's time "as it was to the ordinary man who looked at it with inside knowledge."

"World Without End" by Helen Thomas (Harper's $2.50). This moving book is the love story of Edward Thomas, the English poet killed at Gallipoli. The names are changed but the book is autobiographical. It is an exquisite and touching idyll. It is like an embrace in marble, sensuous, chaste, candid and innocent. The first part of the book (originally published separately under the title of *As It Was*) tells of the meeting of David and Jenny, their love, with its Garden of Eden quality, their marriage and parenthood. The second part depicts their married life, spent mostly in country villages among simple people, their happiness in and worries over their children, and the coming of the war and the last, long parting. Only a remarkably clear mind, a poetic sensitivity and a superior narrative gift could have told so frank and simple a story with such emotional force. "Look in thy heart and write" is an admonition too freely and too noisily followed today. Hearts are mostly empty and hands unsteady. Helen Thomas has a well-spring in her heart and conveys its refreshment to her readers without spilling a drop.

—F. L. R.

"My Own Yesterdays" by Dr. Charles R. Brown (Century $2) is a cheerful small volume of reminiscences rather than a formal autobiography. The author, for many years Dean of Yale's Divinity School, has a humorous turn, a friendly attitude toward human joys and sorrows and a wide experience of life. As he states in his "Notice! ! !" he has made up his book of snapshots taken here and there of significant situations and experiences. All Yale men and many others will enjoy the volume.

"Mr. Miller of 'The Times'" by F. Fraser Bond (Scribner's $3) is much more than a Life of the editor whose name headed the "flagstaff" of the New York *Times* from 1883 to 1921. One gets also a highly interesting view of journalism and in some degree of history. The appendix, containing many selections from Mr. Miller's editorials, and the excellent index (a biography without an index is a literary atrocity) add greatly to this survey. Mr. Miller was not only a clear and, in need, a trenchant writer, but he knew men and things. As his biographer remarks, he bridged the transition from the old to the new type of American journalism and also in his mental make-up blended past and present.—R. D. T.

"Incredible Truth" by Irvin S. Cobb (Cosmopolitan $2.50). Mr. Cobb has gathered under this title eyewitness records of some of the great events of history from Nero's day to yesterday. He quotes liberally from his sources, and, when he transcribes into modern journalese, as he sometimes does, sticks to facts, descriptions and sentiments as recorded by his first-hand reporters. Your reviewer prefers the pieces in the original terms. But one must be indebted to Mr. Cobb for gathering so much interesting and in many cases little known material into one book.

"The Everlasting Struggle" by Johan Bojer (Century $2.50). This is a slow-moving, solidly built story of the heart-breaking struggle against poverty of a family in a Norwegian fishing village. Everything goes wrong for these good and honest people, every hope that rises is dashed to earth. Only their kindness of heart and their great loyalty to one another never fail. The effect of the book is sober, but not one of hopelessness. Bojer's power, his plain, graphic prose, his atmospheric descriptions and the warmth of his sympathy convey to his readers a certain sense of exaltation.

"Morning Tide" by Neil M. Gunn (Harcourt, Brace $2.50). A fishing village across the north sea from Bojer's Flata is the scene of this story. There is poverty in this Scotch town, too, but no want. Perhaps this is because the village life is seen through the wide eyes of a small boy. The story is simplicity itself and is no more than a record of the life of a fisherman's family as the small son saw it. Gathering bait at low tide, watching his sister's love-making, going on a poaching expedition with his big brother, saying good-bye to the same brother, learning poetry at school, standing terrified and helpless at the bedside of his sick mother, forgetting everything in the joy of her recovery, these are the things that make the boy's life good. The book is written in rhythmic prose only occasionally forced.—F. L. R.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in The Outlook of February 28, 1951

April 20, 1951, was announced as the date set for publication of ex-ambassador Robinson's memoirs, entitled, "Life at Madrid under the Third Republic."

The Legislative Committee of the American Legion proposed this week that Congressmen and Senators be permitted to vote by telegraph in favor of bills appropriating Government funds for "service" bonuses.

Vast economies have been secured during the past decade through the development of the work of the Esperanto Bureau for International Television Broadcasts of Church Services.

Behind the Blurbs

Merejkowski's *The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci*[1], in a complete and unabridged translation by Bernard Guerney, has just been published by Random House. Nor have we any complaints concerning paper, typography and binding, which is always pretty swell in items from this house. ☙ ☙ ☙ The wealthy Gregory van Sweyn was *Juror No. 17*[2] on the Grand Jury when a girl was shot as she was about to give evidence on a dope ring. Gregory gets interested and decides to take a hand in the investigation, though the federal narcotic officers don't welcome his assistance. But he pulls a couple of fast ones for them, and then follows a clue to Georgia, where there's a murder in a graveyard in which a girl named Persimmon is mixed up. The pressure increases steadily until the climax, and there are none of those tiresome loose ends to gather together afterward, as in so many of these stories. We like this author because he doesn't go on writing after the story is ended. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Murder at the Pageant*[3] is just so so. A gent named Hurst was slain and some pearls vanished at the Lynwood pageant, and certainly it did look as if the Vicar's nephew and Sonia Fullinger were in it up to their small intelligent ears. Inspector Kinch thought so, but Capt. Bristow, ex-secret servicer, did a little sleuthing and found the murderer. He didn't need to find the pearls, for we

1. $5.00.
2. By C. C. Waddell: King, $2.00.
3. By Victor L. Whitechurch: Duffield, $2.00.

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knew where they were all the time. We'll say no more than to suggest that they were in the obvious place. ♣ ♣ ♣ Ronald Craig had lots of money and a Russian fiancée—plenty to live for. So it seemed rather odd to us that when he suspected that he was being slowly poisoned, he merely wrote to his cousin about it. However, that's what—in *The Craig Poisoning Mystery*[4]—he did. And then up and died. And was it his ex-wife, in collusion with the governess? She'd been fussing with the poisons in Dr. Lindrum's cabinet. Anyhow, if you get to wondering about it, let Inspector Pointer, whom you may have met before, unravel it for you. He does so in a capable fashion. ♣ ♣ ♣ Perhaps because we once had to learn the Catechism we don't like stories which are told entirely by the question and answer method. We have always liked Anthony

Wynne's medical detective, Dr. Hailey, but in *The Blue Vesuvius*[5], though his deductions are as keen as ever, the author doesn't really give the good doctor a chance. It's a good mystery, too, and ingeniously solved, the problem of who killed Grant in a locked and guarded room. But the story is too definitely a puzzle; we like more action. ♣ ♣ ♣ In *The Spy Net*[6], Capt. Elton, of the American Secret Service, went to Switzerland to smash the German spy system, of which Count von Kulm was the head, and deliberately fell into the blackmailers' trap, baited with the rather obvious Senora Quarazza and the lovely Mlle. le Rivet, which had caught so many allied officers and made them work for the enemy. This is one of the yarns that justify the adjective "breathless," for there is not a moment's respite for Elton from the moment he walks into von Kulm's chateau until he rounds up the German operatives at the end of the book.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

4. By A. Fielding: Cosmopolitan, $2.00.
5. Lippincott, $2.00.
6. By Ared White: Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.

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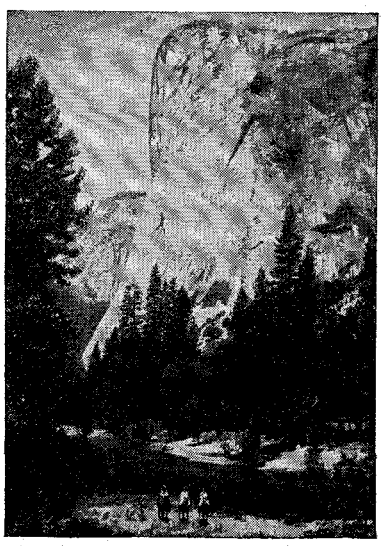

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Social Research Comes of Age

A SOCIAL scientist has been described as a person who tries to put human society into a test tube. Not all social scientists, however, have faith in test tube methods and some deny that the phenomena of human society can be studied at all by the methods of science. They prefer philosophy. Yet they all agree that social problems are proper as well as imperative subjects for social research.

Most laymen are vague about the nature and objectives of social research. But the layman has reason to be confused with so many things going by the name of science and so many voices with or without authority speaking of the ways of science. We have, for example, such a diatribe as that written for a recent issue of *The Nation* by one Benjamin Stolberg. To him all social research is parasitic on the body of higher learning, a meaningless correlating of "trivia into nonsense." He is especially hard on the research foundations, the "big-business intellectual trusts" which "operate with the unconscious cleverness of an invincible social force." Although we are not clear about the meaning of the last quote, we do admit that hard things could be said about much that is called research. But when it comes to damning all social research, then we must conclude that the innocence of Mr. Stolberg has gotten the better of his scientific caution.

We offer in this review four books, each a significant volume in the field of social research and all of them published by, or at least financed by, research foundations included in Mr. Stolberg's list of the damned.

The first book is a symposium edited by Stuart A. Rice. It represents two years of effort on the part of a committee appointed by the Social Science Research Council to study *Methods in Social Science* (Univ. of Chicago Press, $4.50). When the Russell Sage Foundation began publishing the results of the Pittsburgh Survey in 1909 that was the beginning of the end of wishful social study. This publication marks the beginning of the second period in the evolution of social research. It marks the passing from the stage of fumbling to a more integrated and purposeful stage. Forty-nine scholars contributed the fifty-odd chapters, each of which is an analysis of some theory or method employed by social scientists here or abroad. Although we may quarrel with details, we cannot deny that this is a significant contribution in the field of research method.

Next to ideas and methods the most important tools of research are accumulated bodies of facts of which year books and directories are most typical. F. S. Hall has edited a *Social Work Yearbook for 1929* (Russell Sage Foundation, $4), which is the first of its kind to be published. It contains most anything in the way of general information that welfare workers would want to know. As a directory it is perhaps the most complete guide yet published to the national social agencies, of which 455 are listed.

The remaining two books are bibliographies of social surveys. One is edited by Allen Eaton and S. M. Harrison (Russell Sage Foundation, $3.50). It is a classification of about 2,700 surveys covering a period of about forty years. Most of these are of recent date. Where at the turn of the century social surveys were numbered by the tens, now they are turned out by the hundreds. And the money involved has increased in proportion.

The second bibliography is *A Guide to Statistics of Social Welfare in New York City* (Welfare Council of New York City) by Florence Dubois. While it is unique and original it is chiefly of local interest, yet it illustrates well the chief contention of this review, that valid research, when it is not concerned with methods of seeking facts, is busy cataloging data or searching the sources where facts may be found.

We may be sure that the man on the street, whatever he may know about research, will not get much light from the kind of books cited herein. They are the tools of the experts, just as the facts when brought to light become the tools of those who wrestle with the social problems to which they apply. Of such books there must be many hundreds more before we get very far with the ills that harass society. That is the burden of the research foundations. These foundations are increasing in number as well as power. Whereas in 1907 there were but eight research foundations we have no less than a hundred and fifty at the present time. Together these numerous and varied foundations have endowments approximating nearly a billion dollars. This is a lot of power and a goodly part of it is at the service of valid research. The question is whether it will continue doing such yeoman service. It may eventually trail away into some bypath, and so lead science into prostitution, but at least that is not the condition today.

NELS ANDERSON.

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▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

IT MUST be a plot. A particularly dastardly one, too! For a long time I have held the ethics of movie producers in no great esteem. Now, however, it looks as though they had outdone even themselves in baseness in a subtle plan to undermine the poor old legitimate stage. They're just a bit cowardly as well. This is not meant to be an unfair blanket indictment, though. It is aimed only at the Warner Brothers who, hiding behind the pseudonym of Stratford Productions, Ltd., put into the Fulton Theatre once more the play about what is supposed to happen to British morals in remote and tropical portions of the Empire. This time the old war horse, complete with speeches beginning "You cad!" or "You beast!" and with the usual utter obliviousness to what human beings would say or do in the circumstances, is called *Heat Wave*. Roland Pertwee owns up to having written it.

Where does that plot come in? Simply in this way: I feel certain that the Warner Brothers put on *Heat Wave* solely in order to drive whatever miserable people go to see it away from the stage to the movies. "Legitimate stage, huh!" the Messrs. Warner hope the members of the audiences will say. "Why, you can get the same thing in the movies for only seventy-five cents with beautiful views of the Taj Mahal, the Sphinx and the home life of the elephants thrown in." So you can, but I'm afraid the plot will fail, diabolically Machiavellian though it may be, because I don't see how enough people are going to be lured into the Fulton to make the outlay of Warner Brothers' cash worth while. Another justification for my optimism is found in the reassuring fact that the night I saw *Heat Wave* nobody seemed to feel violently about it; the audience laughed at the play, Basil Rathbone and the rest of the actors at all the right places.

Another mess, but with totally different ingredients, is *The Gang's All Here*. Take a book by Russel Crouse, the witty columnist of the New York *Evening Post;* music by Lewis E. Gensler, of *Queen High* fame; have Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, who wrote the musical version of *Show Boat,* as one of the directors; let Dave Gould, responsible for the dances in *The Second Little Show* and *Fine and Dandy,* perform the same function except for a ballet staged by the eminent Viennese *danseuse,* Tilly Losch; get sets by Henry Dreyfuss and costumes by Russell Patterson; and hire such tried and true mimes as Ted Healy, Zelma O'Neal, Ruth Tester, Shaw and Lee and Tom Howard—to name only a few of them—and what have you got? You should, of course, have a sparkling show. Well, in this case you have one of the most exasperating evenings I've ever spent in the theatre. The expensive talent got in each other's way. Nothing about *The Gang's All Here* quite clicks except a really marvellous tap dance, performed by a young man of about seventeen years of age called Hal Le Roy.

I believe something like this must have happened to occasion such an appalling waste of money in these hard times: Mr. Crouse had an idea for a spoofing of gangster and bootlegging plays which should be set to music. Ted Healy, already equipped with his well-known gang of idiots from vaudeville, was an obvious choice for the lead. So far, so good. But in a musical comedy you must have sex appeal. All right, they got Gina Malo. What was the matter, then? Simply this: a novel show with a swell funny idea spiced with satire was opened in Philadelphia without proper rehearsal. The producers lost their nerve about it all and called in "doctors" who made *The Gang's All Here* neither a farcical satire nor a slick but stupid revue. The final result can only be called tragic. It might have been so delightfully crazy!

Recommended Current Shows

Civic Repertory: *The Master Builder* is now back in the repertory.

Elizabeth the Queen: Maxwell Anderson's guess at what Elizabeth said to Essex.

Fine and Dandy: Mad nonsense set to music.

Five Star Final: Crude but stirring melodrama of the tabloids and their dire effects.

Girl Crazy: Gershwin tunes well executed.

Grand Hotel: Who said novels couldn't be dramatized?

Mrs. Moonlight: Laughs and tears in entrancing clothes.

Oh, Promise Me: Roughhouse farce about the breach-of-promise racket.

Once in a Lifetime: Disrespectful expose of movie making.

On the Spot: Edgar Wallace's impressions of Chicago's gangsters.

Philip Goes Forth: Not George Kelly's best, but better than most.

Private Lives: Light comedy at its most superlative. By and with Noel Coward.

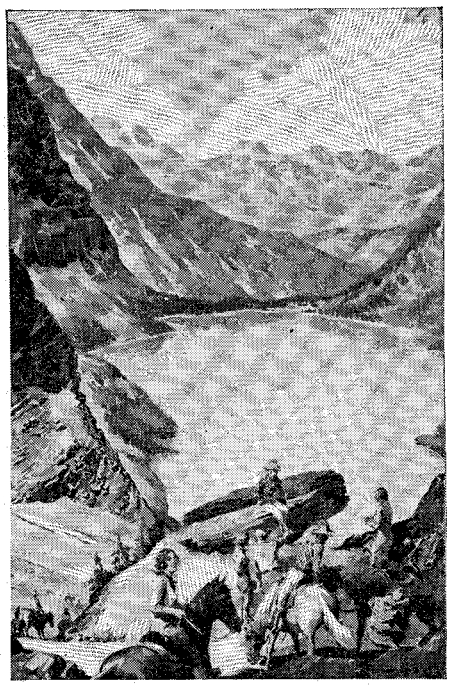
Sweet and Low: Funny and tuneful revue not always in the best of taste, however.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Katharine Cornell. But I'm not sold on the play or some of the other performances.

The Green Pastures: Marc Connelly's prize-winning play about the Bible through negro eyes.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's best serious play beautifully acted.

Vinegar Tree: Mary Boland delightfully muddled about imaginary infidelities.



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Gramophonia

Notable New Recordings

POSSIBLY Barcelona would not occur to most people as the spot in which to hear either Beethoven or Brahms. That is simply because they might not know or might have forgotten that Pablo Casals has his own symphony orchestra there. The latest manifestation of his virtuosity as a cellist and of his ability to train an orchestra is shown in the recording of the Brahms *Double Concerto for Violin and Cello in A Minor*[1]. The violinist is Jacques Thibaud and the orchestra is conducted by Alfred Cortot. As the Victor people point out with fully pardonable pride, it is only rarely that soloists of such skill and eminence are sufficiently acquainted with each other's work to give this beautiful work a proper performance. The absolute unity of conception necessary for a perfect rendition is assured by having M. Cortot, who has made so many excellent trio recordings with Casals and Thibaud, conduct.

As for Beethoven, Señor Casals gives us a reading of the *Fourth Symphony in B Flat Major*[2] which seems to me ample proof that he is no less skilful as a conductor than as a cellist. It is a recent H.M.V. release and must therefore be obtained through the importers. However, it is well worth the trouble. Playing and recording are both perfectly balanced and a feeling on the part of the performers of enjoyment and appreciation of the beauties of Beethoven's music is clearly apparent.

George Gershwin's music usually seems to have better wearing qualities than that of any of his Tin Pan Alley rivals, so I hope I may be pardoned mentioning at this late date that Duke Ellington has made a torrid disk of *Sam and Delilah*[3] which could only be improved for provocative danceability by having Ethel Merman do the vocalizing, as she does in *Girl Crazy*. Doesn't she record well, or what? On the other side is *Bidin' My Time*, from the same show, played and sung by the Bluejeans, whoever they may be.

While we're in the popular dance field, it's just as well to remark that Waring's Pennsylvanians, the Three Waring Girls and a brilliant arranger make *Love for Sale* and *Where Have You Been?*[4] from Cole Porter's *The New Yorkers* extremely easy to listen to, as well as dance. The blending of male and female voices is effective.

O.C.-T.

1. Victor, Album M. 99.
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▶▶ The New Movies ◀◀

By CREIGHTON PEET

▶▶ *"Rango"*

FROM Sumatra (an island on the Equator and somewhat south-west of the Philippines), Ernest Schoedsack, co-producer of *Grass, Chang* and *The Four Feathers,* has brought back some charming and often engrossing pictures of monkeys and apes. There are but two human actors in the film, a native hunter and his small son, all the other characters being apes, monkeys and tigers. Sumatra, it is explained, is the only place on earth where both tigers and apes are found, and it is this fact which furnishes most of the action, for the two are deadly enemies. Against the tigers' claws the apes and monkeys have no defense except their speed and agility. Whenever a tiger comes into the neighborhood they scuttle through the grass like rats and whisk up into the treetops at an incredible speed, performing the most fantastic acrobatics on the way. *Rango* hasn't any story or dramatic structure, and isn't up to the other Schoedsack films, but it has many delightful shots of monkeys and apes playing about. The hunter and his son capture a small ape and leave him in their hut while they are away—but the old man ape comes looking for his little boy, and when they get together they all but tear the hut apart. Another and more dramatic scene is a battle between a tiger and a water-buffalo, with victory for the latter. Still another sequence is sunrise in the jungle with the air filled with an increasing orchestra of squeaks, whistles and monkey chatters as the sun gets bigger and bigger.

Worth Seeing

The Blue Angel: Emil Jannings wanders into Marlene Dietrich's dressing room and loses his job teaching high school.

By Rocket to the Moon: A silent German film about a trip to the moon. The first half is ingenious and thrilling.

Cimarron: Edna' Ferber's story of early days in Oklahoma. A grand piece of work with plenty of excitement.

City Lights: Charlie Chaplin's latest—a little sad but also extremely funny.

The Criminal Code: Life in a penitentiary, and no joking this time. Walter Huston is the warden.

Inspiration: Our Greta Garbo does magnificently in a cheap story about a Parisian artist's model who marries a nice, nice young man.

Little Caesar: The best crook film in months —Edward G. Robinson as Chicago Al.

The Royal Family: Wild amusement at the expense of the Barrymore family—with Frederic March.

Trader Horn: Two white men and a white woman surrounded by a jungle-full of savage men and animals. Suspense and excitement for everybody.

▶▶ *"Comrades of 1918"*

Were it not all in German, this war film might well rank with *All Quiet* as it has in its own country. Made from the novel *The Four from the Infantry,* it resembles the Remarque story in many ways. Its photography and acting are superb, and some of Pabst's direction is simple and effective. But without a good knowledge of German most of *Comrades of 1918* is a loss.

▶▶ *"East Lynne"*

The beautiful, vibrant Ann Harding does all she can with this seventy-year-old British tear-jerker, now appearing for the fifth time as a motion picture. From a sentimental point of view *East Lynne* is still effective hokum, and still sends its women audiences home in a lovely swamp of tears. The story is strong on mother love and the traditional cruelty and injustice of mankind when dealing with womankind. Leaving her gay life in Mayfair, Ann Harding marries the severe and priggish Conrad Nagel and goes to live in East Lynne. After three years Mr. Nagel falsely accuses her of an affair with Clive Brook, whereupon she runs away with that gentleman to Vienna and other gay places. But there is her child—her little baby boy which her cruel husband will not allow her to take away with her. She keeps weeping and worrying over him until Mr. Brook is quite bored with it all. And then comes trouble! Mr. Brook is fired from the consular service for dirty work, the Franco-Prussian war breaks out and they are imprisoned to starve in Paris. Suddenly, during the bombardment, she decides she *must* see her little boy, and rushes out into the street where she is almost blinded by falling buildings. With only a few days of sight left her by the doctors she creeps into her baby's room (in England) and goes blind smoothing his little face. Then she wanders out into the grounds and jumps over a big, high cliff. *East Lynne* was first a novel, appearing on the London stage in 1874—the same year *The Two Orphans* was first given. Among others Theda Bara and Alma Rubens have played the rôle on the screen. The sets for the present *East Lynne* were designed by Joseph Urban, the well-known stage artist. The photography is so murky you can only tell what is going on by listening carefully.

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Prose and Worse

OUR remarks about radio announcers struck a loud and sympathetic chord in several bosoms. "Why," writes Elmer T. Peterson, "can't we have straight, unaffected, correct English, right out of the dictionary, with the r's honestly sounded, and not so much attention paid to the dainty, prim, mincing modulation of the prunes-and-prisms Priscillas?" Of course there's a reason why we can't, and it lies just in those words. The announcers are in the direct line of a great American tradition. It was the prunes-and-prisms Priscillas who, through the mass of popular literature, guided popular manners during the Victorian era. We are not referring to the real literature of that period—though that was by no means untainted. But it is in the gift books, annuals and volumes of poetry, tons of which still clutter American garrets, that you will find the authentic radio announcer tones. We were led to this discovery by the perusal of an anthology of selections from these writings just published under the title of *The Genteel Female*. The announcers are the grandsons and great-grandsons of the females who penned these lines; they are elegant, they are genteel, they are conscious of their great cultural responsibility as of their enormous influence. Theirs to hand on the torch, and if that torch is so dim and smoky as even somewhat to dull the daylight through which they blindly bear it, they are as unconscious of that fact as were their spiritual female progenitors. It would scarcely surprise us to find they did crewel work in their spare time.

. . . . .

Mr. Meadowcroft writes: "There seem to be plenty of people who are willing to get money out of the Treasury at the expense of the rest of the country. Their name is Legion." Yes, Mr. M., and there are plenty of politicians willing to help them. And the Greeks had a word for them, too.

. . . . .

Thought for the Week

A solemn Congress putters,
The market dips and flutters,
And Mussolini splutters,
And bishops grasp at fame;
But the world spins on its axis,
And life and death and taxes,
They go on just the same.

. . . . .

Butler Breaks Dish Over Guest's Head.—Newspaper headline. Could that have been Smedley? We thought he was too busy trying to crown the uncrowned king of Italy—among other people.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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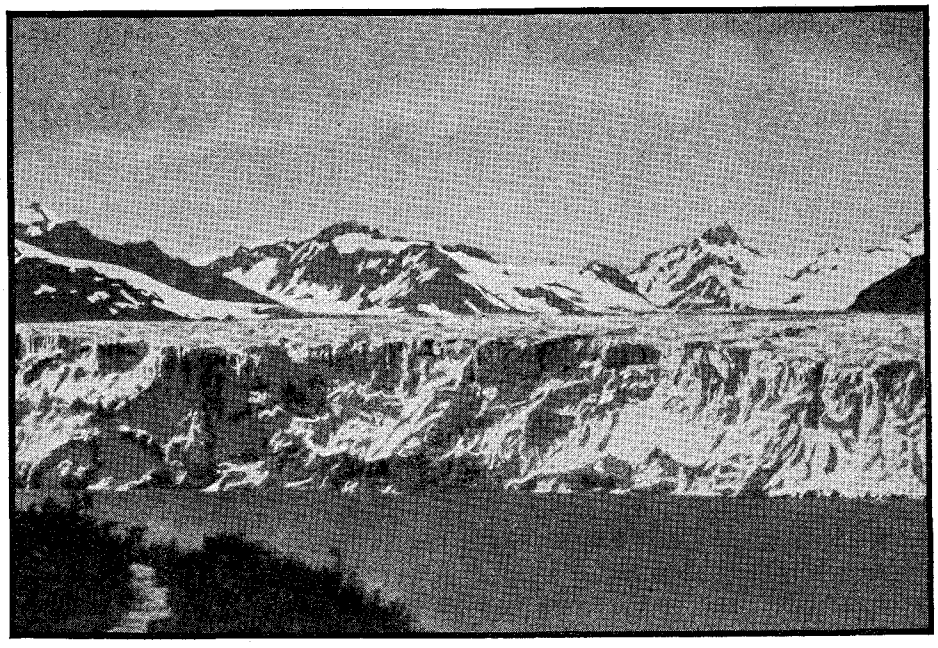

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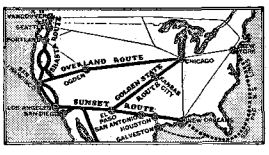

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Walt Kuhn

By ARTHUR STRAWN

WALT KUHN is fifty years old, but you would never guess it from his paintings. If you knew nothing about him and were to look at his canvases of chorus girls, acrobats, ballet dancers and clowns, you would instinctively attribute them not only to a young man, but to one recklessly indifferent to public opinion—so brutally forthright and uncompromising are they. Where other artists have portrayed the troupers of the stage and tanbark with sentimental glamour characteristic of those who know nothing of the other side of the footlights, Kuhn portrays them with the honesty of one who knows that most of the glitter is tinsel.

That probably is one reason why, in spite of his age, Kuhn has had to wait for the past half-dozen years to win recognition as one of the first rank of contemporary American artists. Now, of course, his pictures hang in many important museums, in Brooklyn, Chicago, Washington and Los Angeles, and in outstanding private collections. Time is making her usual tardy but thorough amend.

Born in Brooklyn of a Bavarian father and a Spanish mother, Kuhn as a youth gave up school, not to study art, but to indulge his affection for bicycle racing. Cycling was popular in the late 90's, and Kuhn not only established a successful shop to make and repair wheels, but also became a familiar figure as a semi-professional bike racer at country fairs and carnivals. He always had a knack for drawing, and to the surprise of his friends gave up the business to study art, notwithstanding the usual parental disapproval.

The bike shop furnished the means for several years of study abroad, and Kuhn returned to the United States in 1903 to set up a studio. He almost starved, until in desperation he began to do comic drawings for the humorous weeklies. A book of his drawings was published in 1908 and he enjoyed a good income. While he kept the wolf from the door with his comic drawings he entertained the muse of painting inside. In 1910, with Sloan and Robert Henri, he arranged what was really the first show of American Independents, and it was due chiefly to his efforts and those of the lamented Arthur B. Davies that the famous Armory Show was held three years later.

This was the epoch-making show that staggered America with its first view of Van Gogh, Gauguin, Redon, Cezanne and other unfamiliar moderns, and so ushered in the modern era. This show, however, proved something of a boomerang to the American artists who had so enthusiastically welcomed it. It revealed only too clearly how inane and antiquated was the bulk of American painting then, and many American artists who until that time had enjoyed a spurious reputation as masters found themselves suddenly deflated. Although it was ultimately inevitable, that dazzling exhibition opened a channel for what has since become a flood of French art.

Still drawing and illustrating for the magazines, Kuhn, now with a family to support, supplemented his income by professional work in the theatre. He had staged several successful amateur shows for the amusement of the Kit Kat Club, and now he began to train acts for the theatre, several of which became highly popular. He toured with some well-known revues and lived for a season with a circus.

By 1920 Kuhn's annual income from magazine work, teaching and stage directing had reached an impressive total. Then he gave it all up, retired from professional contact with the stage, and began to devote himself exclusively to his painting.

HE lives in Greenwich Village with his wife and daughter and has a large studio near Union Square. It is an entire floor of a loft-building, disillusioningly free of lush carpets or soft lounges, literally a workshop where he paints his pictures, makes his own frames, and maintains a complete wardrobe of theatrical costumes from which to select for his models. He is a tall, strapping six-footer with very blue eyes, thinning greyish hair and a ruddy complexion. There is nothing arty about him. At his studio he usually goes about wearing a mechanic's blue denim jacket and a soft black hat. His appearance and calm, direct manner somehow make one think of an up-state sheriff, rather than that of a native New Yorker who has devoted more than thirty years of his life to art. At the same time one begins to understand why his strong and relentlessly honest portrayals are not necessarily the work of youth. One begins to appreciate the obvious truth that such things are after all not a matter of age, but are rather expressions of that inner integrity characteristic of every good artist.

Albert IV—of Maryland

(Continued from Page 339)

This is a not unpopular remedy today. It might work if all industry were so far-visioned and so soundly intrenched in great units that, like the General Electric, it had this "economic surplus" on which to draw. But millions of men and women are still dependent for jobs upon small and struggling businesses with no such surpluses. Certainly a proposal to look for the solution of unemployment and inadequate income only in the arrival of a few great paternalistic trusts controlling all industry and business will find some objection here and there! And how industry is to tap the multi-billion economic surplus which goes each year to possessors of perpetual governmental franchises to oil, coal, timber, business and industrial land—possessors who as such engage in no industry—is left entirely unanswered by the Governor. (Unless, that is, one puts the broadest possible interpretation on his assertion that all our natural resources should be "a heritage of the people, here and to come.")

Despite all this, the Ritchie approach to the problems now concerning the nation is most refreshing. It is not, of course, the socialistic one; it does not contain, unless by implication, any of the currently popular socialistic appeals for officially supervised "controlled production" and the like. Rather, it looks back yearningly to those pioneering days of free land when it was easier to be "free men and free women." Its basic appeal is for a society in which there can be "free men and free women again"; for a return to conditions "where the proper forces, if left free to work, could have worked to a better end." But the Governor, like many another, finds the way back confused and hidden.

Yet his appeal unquestionably brings an earnest echo from thousands of business and professional men who have thought upon our changing national character, even if it still means little to many of those who are still trying vigorously to climb onto the privilege bandwagon. To this inaugural address—voluntarily given a nation-wide broadcast by one of the great radio companies—there came a veritable flood of favorable editorial comment from journals of the most diverse views. In Maryland it inspired Ritchie's veteran followers to new efforts to bring the Ritchie doctrine and personality more adequately before the nation.

The chief question confronting the detached observer of Ritchie today is to what extent this doctrine represents a

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real and deeply felt conviction. Does it have the drive behind it to force it through in the face of the opposition it would certainly meet if applied in the high place which the Governor seeks? Or is it rather merely a theory; a fair-weather position taken pleasantly and a trifle jauntily, but one which would be pared down, weaseled away, rationalized or abandoned when political expediency dictated? In other words, has the Governor expounded this doctrine only because of its proved efficacy in bringing him, a putative outsider, definitely into the national political field, or rather because behind it there is a proselytizing zeal that will not be denied?

TO THIS question there seems today to be no certain answer. Were the answer in the affirmative to the greater question—and there *is* still time for it to be so—it might yet make Ritchie one of those rare political exceptions, the man who rises by sheer force of leadership to the power he seeks. But so far the answer is probably non-existent, even in Ritchie's own mind. For while he has sought sedately for seven years to bring himself within reach of the presidential lightning, throughout it all he has retained a not unpleasing skepticism regarding his chances. Right now this detachment is waning a bit; with his approval his friends already have organized Ritchie Leagues in a dozen states, and the Governor himself obviously has his ear a trifle closer to the ground than his instincts generally dictate. Yet he is still far more the statesman who is waiting for a call than is characteristic of most of our presidential hopefuls; and there are many ways of rounding up support from which he would unquestionably shrink.

But even though this major question remains unanswered, there are things which, it appears, may safely be said about the Free State's first and only favorite son to commend him to thoughtful men and women hoping for at least a few steps forward toward that "greater and better nation" for which he appeals. On his past record, this, it seems, can be said without cavil: that if elevated to the presidency he would understand how to cooperate with and obtain results from his political associates and opponents; that he would choose able and honest men to work with him and that he would see that they produced results; and that he would instinctively suspect proposals for any further grants either of governmental power or governmental privilege, no matter to whom. On what seem likely to be the two great issues of the 1932 cam-

(Please Turn to Page 352)

▶▶ From the Life ◀◀

By IBBY HALL

▶▶*Wonderful*

BY THIS time—which was a whole week after she had started looking for a maid of all work—the lady of the house had two wrinkles dividing her forehead just above the nose. Her eyes had lost their sparkle, and her digestion had begun to fail.

"This sort of thing," she whispered to her dressing table, "is killing me. I'm growing old." And she went on at once to ask herself as though she knew the words by heart, "Where are the servants of my mother's time?" Her mind went vaguely following after them, remembering not their faces, which by now were dim and faded, but their virtues. For they had been devoted and dependable, they had fitted her ideas of servants—or, she wondered suddenly, had she gotten her ideas from them? "They were real servants," she murmured, "They were wonderful."

The bell, that had been silent, rang briefly and discreetly, and the lady of the house went hurrying to the door. The new applicant stood in the hallway.

"Madame," she asked, "is looking for a maid?"

"Come in," said the lady of the house confusedly. "Come in and—and sit down over here and . . . . we can talk about it." Well, she thought, glancing quickly sideways, neatly dressed—nice manners—and an honest face. A real, old-fashioned—"How soon could you come?" asked the lady of the house, smiling brightly.

"I can come any time," answered the woman quietly.

"Well, what about tomorrow, then?"

"Tomorrow," repeated the maid respectfully, "or any time. But first, Madame, I like to know if maybe I can satisfy you. Maybe—you like fancy cooking? Maybe you like to talk about the work?"

"No," broke in the lady of the house hurriedly, "No, not too fancy. And didn't they tell you at the office all about the work?"

The new maid moved closer to the lady's chair. She opened her bag and took out carefully an envelope.

"Madame," she spoke gently, "perhaps would like to see the refer-ence?"

The lady of the house put out her hand and blushed. "Of course," she said. "I—forgot." She opened the envelope. Good Heavens! She hadn't even asked the woman's name!

"Why!" gasped the lady of the house, "This one you worked for last, is she the actress?"

"Yes, Madame," replied the maid, her face softening.

The lady of the house stared down at the clear, steady handwriting. She was thinking that when she was a young girl and had first seen this woman act—how she had burned, how her whole heart had flamed to go upon the stage and act like that! Why, no one she had ever seen could act like that—to this day. She read the serious, straightforward words of commendation. And then the signature in that clear and beautiful writing. "She is a wonderful actress," said the lady of the house.

A strange look came over the face of the waiting maid as though a small quick wind had troubled a still mask.

"She is wonderful, Madame," said the maid and gave way suddenly to a rush of words. "And she is kind. She never troubles one. And do you know what she can do? Such beautiful sewing! And so quietly, saying nothing. And would you believe it, Madame? But she darns her stockings. Me, I can darn, but I have never seen such stitches."

"And one day how she worked! Such fine stuff and so tiny stitches, and never moved from where she sat, and so I said, 'Is Madame making something?' And she laugh and say she need a camisole. She made her own clothes, Madame," said the maid with awe.

But the lady of the house was nodding absentmindedly. "She is so wonderful an actress," she went on as though the maid had not been speaking, "that to this day I don't know what she looks like. I've seen her in almost every rôle she ever played. And I can see so clearly *this character or that one—more* clearly than living people—all the people she has been! That's why I don't know what she looks like." She ended slowly.

"Yes, Madame," said the maid politely. "But if you ever saw her with the flowers," she remembered eagerly. "She fills the vases all herself—she cuts each stem. And at the theatre her room is filled with flowers. I went there, Madame, to wait on her."

The lady of the house leaned forward. "And when you saw her on the stage," she said, really listening at last, "didn't you think that she was marvelous?"

"Alas, Madame," said the maid once more reserved, polite, "I never saw her act. It is too bad. But as a housewife, Madame, she was wonderful."

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paign he would take a stand that would be clear-cut and understandable, no matter how many disagreed with him. On prohibition, if his past record is any guide, he would accept no modification short of a return of the full power of regulation, prohibition or permission to the states where it originally rested; on "power" he would oppose governmental competition with the great private monopolies, but would approve and enforce a regulation which would be honest and thorough, and not a regulation which in action would be an utter negation of his professions.

This is Ritchie as he appears to the detached observer today—an open-minded conservative who believes that "the people who are best governed are least governed;" who believes that "you cannot make people temperate by passing a prohibition law;" that "you cannot make industry prosperous by putting up a tariff wall which drives manufacturers to other countries;" and, finally, that any "makeshift economic measures which attempt to lift up any part of the population by its bootstraps . . . . will always fail."

In the face of the increasing popular and political interest in him, his doctrines and his presidential prospects, he may or he may not change. But as he stands today, the Democratic Party, in seeking a candidate, might go further and fare worse.

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With Our Readers

Red Cross Relief

To the Editor: *Boydton, Va.*

SIR—I am writing with regard to a letter published in your issue of January 28, 1931, signed F. Smith, dealing with relief problems in general and in particular with the conditions in Mecklenburg County, Virginia.

Mr. Smith is a man whose friendship I esteem highly, and who, I am sure, stated what he believed to be true. I censure myself that I, as Chairman of Mechlenburg County Chapter, American Red Cross, had not given out more publicity to the local press as to the work accomplished by the chapter so that Mr. Smith might have been better informed as to conditions.

With regard to relief in Mecklenburg the facts are these: the chapter was thoroughly reorganized in September, 1930, with a view to handling drought relief cases. Including the roll call and extra donations approximately $4000 has been raised throughout the county, at least one other community raising an equal amount with Chase City. These funds have been conscientiously expended by Disaster Relief Committees in each of the eight magisterial districts. At the present time we are feeding 176 families and issuing clothing to a great many. Conditions are bad, but so far as we are able to ascertain, no one is starving and the local Red Cross has been able to take care of the situation entirely with local funds.

With regard to the volume of red tape Mr. Smith refers to, our ruling has been that each case must be fully investigated before regular relief is granted. However, each investigator is instructed to give immediate emergency relief where the need seems urgent, subsequent relief to be dependent on the results of the investigation. Such action has been taken in numerous instances.

National Red Cross has cooperated with us fully and assures us that when our funds are exhausted, money will surely be forthcoming from Washington. It is true, as Mr. Smith says, that not one cent has been sent in by National Red Cross, but only because the local chapter has not asked for a penny, and we do not expect to need their help before March. Headquarters is furnishing us garments for children, garden seed for every family on the relief list, yeast for the prevention of pellagra, and has offered a car of coal if needed in the county. Speaking for the chapter officials, we feel that National Red Cross has cooperated with us in every possible way, and has rendered advice and aid that have been invaluable.

We have every reason to believe that adequate relief is being given in Mecklenburg since our organization is spread over the county in such a way that every needy family finds an investigator near at hand, these investigators being among the more substantial men of our county.

MRS. F. C. BEDINGER,
Chairman Mecklenburg County Chapter A. R. C.

A Fighting Marine

To the Editor: *Drumright, Okla.*

SIR—You "fanned" in your "Backstage in Washington" conviction of Butler so miserably (and your conclusions were only those at which a sane man could arrive), that we want another "Backstage in Washington" article giving an expose of the affair. We want to compare your findings with ours and besides the country is entitled to it.

General Butler may have made somewhat of an ass of himself in his attempt to clean up Philadelphia and a worse one telling on the fellow who gave him a perfectly decent and very possibly timely cocktail, yet he is still *our* Butler and a damn good fighter.

It is high time we are getting ourselves into a position from which we can and will assume a "to hell with you" attitude under all such and similar circumstances.

WILLIAM J. NEAL, M.D.

Lynch Law

To the Editor: *San Diego, Calif.*

SIR—It is to be regretted that you in commenting on the intemperate action of the mob which lynched the Negro Raymond Gunn in Missouri, should have permitted yourself to be intemperate in that you insult all southern governors.

Mob law is not the result of locale, but rather of cause. It so happens that most of the crimes against women have been committed in the South and it naturally follows that more examples of mob law have therefore occurred there. I have before me a report of a lynching in North Dakota, surely not in the South, of one Charles Bannon in McKenzie county, on January 29. I recall many instances of mob rule, and lynchings in Ohio, Indiana and numerous northern states. I do not blame them for this, neither do I condone, I just understand. Law does not always prevail even in the holy city of New York. It seems that I recall much of judges being appointed for money considerations, of judges borrowing money from law breakers, of gang murders unpunished and so on *ad nauseam*. Other northern cities, such as Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, are not chemically pure. As long as you live in a glass house, use a screen when you bathe.

Mob law is wrong, but until the people can be assured of quick justice through the courts it will continue.

JOHN PARKS GILMER, M.D.

Vox Populi

To the Editor: *Canton, Ohio*

SIR—Not that it matters, but my opinion is that one of the most interesting sections of the OUTLOOK is that of "With Our Readers." I hope you will continue it.

In no other way could such a comprehensive cross section of opinion be obtained. Your magazine claims a subscription list of not so many thousands, but composed mostly of those that think. Of course these letters do not represent even one-half of one per cent of your readers, but it is enlightening to learn that even this percentage of intolerance persists.

It is difficult to visualize why anyone, as so many letters show, would care to read only what they already think. Their intellectual growth is confined to the narrowness of their mental horizon.

I believe that prohibition has caused a decline in religious belief among the better educated. It is hard to respect that which the leaders of have, by example, taught us stands for intolerance, hatred, and fanaticism.

I especially enjoy "The Stream of Business," by Mr. Fall.

HARRY E. WILLEY.

High Praise

To the Editor: *Stockbridge, Mass.*

SIR—Just a line to congratulate you most warmly on the superlatively excellent and sadly needed editorials, appearing every week in the OUTLOOK. Indeed, not since the masterly editorials of the late Frank I. Cobb of the New York *World*, has it been my privilege and pleasure to read such splendid articles as yours, owing to their vigor of style, felicity of expression, truth, candor, fearlessness and courage, letting the chips fall where they may.

Keep up the good work, for every knock in your People's Forum column is a boost for the OUTLOOK, at least in so far as this very grateful and appreciative reader is concerned.

ADRIEN B. HERZOG.

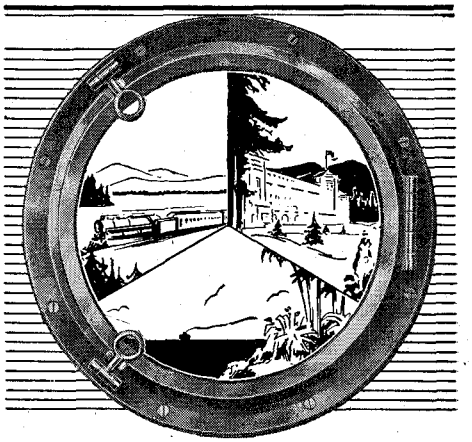
Shoot the Editor

To the Editor: *Lexington, Mass.*

SIR—I wouldn't let a week pass without reading the OUTLOOK. It has by far the best Movie Review department of any publication on the market. Sometimes I glance through the rest of the magazine, but always feel that it is a dern shame, that law they have against shooting smart-alec editors. The OUTLOOK is probably the most smart-alec, rude, cheap, vulgar, and full of bad taste publication which it is possible to read. It takes every opportunity to be fresh, and try to hurt somebody's feelings. It rejoices in being offensive, especially to and about people who are able to inspire respect in their fellow mortals. The note its editor put at the foot of Mr. Ward's letter of February 4 on Mrs. Coolidge's poetry was gross and rude in the same subtle manner that would have sent a five-year-old child to bed without any supper. There are, however, people to whom this kind of stuff is meat and drink—and such delightful people they are, too— and on this account the editors will no doubt live long and prosper; that is, unless some Heaven-sent truck or piece of falling granite tries to take up the same section of ozone which they occupy when they are out loose.

H. V. CORYELL, JR.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



PERU

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LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine; and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED" an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N.B.C. networks.

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